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The BYSTANDER

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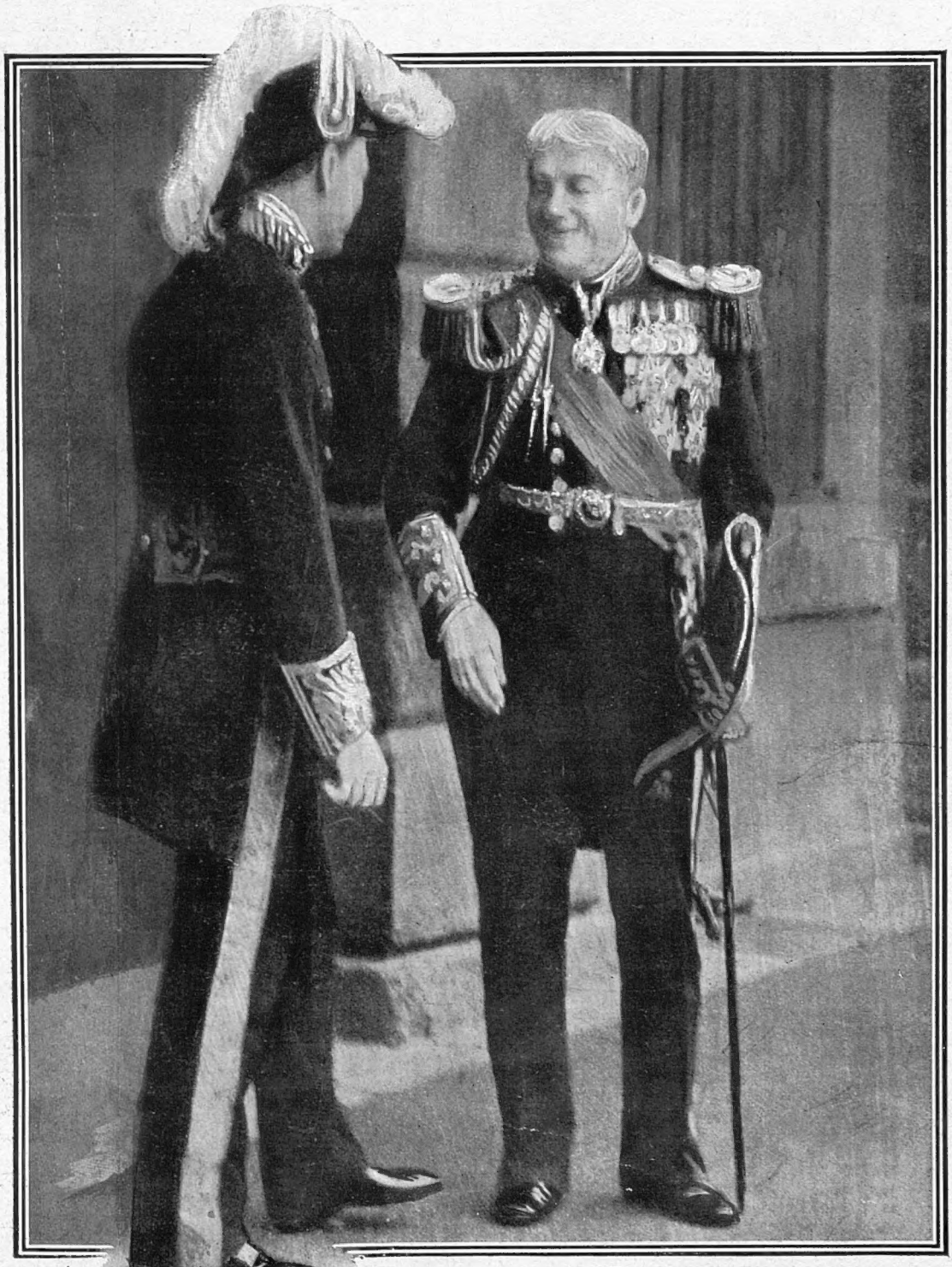


Mr. Churchill, as Naval First Lord, has summoned to his aid Admiral Lord Fisher. Our photograph (reproduced from "The Bystander" of November, 1909), was taken on the occasion of the Admiral's retirement. Then the two men chatted in jest; now they confer in earnest

Nov. 1909 "ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH" **Nov. 1911**

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL (*modified*)

So Far, So Good

WE remarked, on September 27, that we would believe in the Franco-German Agreement when it was signed and sealed, and guarantee its durability until the next time it suited Germany to break it. It is now signed and sealed.

***

Peace—by Order of the Purse

PEACE may, therefore, be expected for awhile between France and Germany. It is unlikely that it was latterly in serious danger. At least, so say financial circles, which speak of a loan of ten millions issued to Germany during the height of the crisis by a famous banking firm *on condition that peace was not broken.*

***

The Crown Prince and War

HAD the Kaiser had his way from the first, probably peace would never have been endangered. That it was in the earlier stages of the crisis is due more than anything to the influence of the war party, headed by the Crown Prince. That nice young gentleman, it may be remembered, made himself very agreeable while over here for the Coronation. Did he not take a walk, in mufti, after an excellent lunch, down Fleet Street, and make himself generally popular with all beholders? When he got back to Germany, you remember, he had a prolonged interview with the Chancellor, and on the Saturday following the *Panther* went to Agadir, while H.I.M. the Kaiser went for his Norwegian cruise.

HERR VON LINDEQUIST

The German Colonial Secretary, whose sensational resignation has quite convinced everybody that the French concessions over Morocco are comparatively worthless

***

The Reason of His Banishment

NOW there is a Hohenzollern tradition that no King of Prussia die without adding some territory to the Mark of Brandenburg. The Crown Prince is rather fond of this legend, and when in Berlin is said often to bring it up in conversation with his father. Wherefor often he boreth His Imperial Majesty, and as a consequence of his warlike influence, he has been packed off to Dantzic. I don't know whether the Congo concessions will satisfy the young man's desire for his father's *ante-mortem* glory. It is to be hoped so. Otherwise, one may fear that he is anxious one day to repeat that walk down Fleet Street—neither he nor his friends being then in mufti.

The Dye-Hard in Politics

I HAVE received a communication from Mr. H. S. Pullar, of Dunbarnie Cottage, Bridge of Earn, N.B., in which he informs me that he is "disgusted with our constant anti-German references." "Your paper," he adds, "would do some good in the world if it copied the *Nation*." If by "anti-German references" Mr. Pullar means that THE BYSTANDER is constantly keeping before its readers the possibility of an Anglo-German war, I must admit the indictment. We shall continue to impress upon our readers this fundamental fact of European politics. I thank Mr. Pullar for his kind suggestion that THE BYSTANDER should copy the *Nation*, but I rather fear that even with the aid of the Perth Dye Works we should find it difficult to change our political colour quite so radically.

***

In the Near West

THE situation in the Near West (that is "right here") is that Germany and France having come to a deal, Germany is now free to settle with England. It is *the fact* that she regards her "humiliation" over the Morocco business as the result of our "interference." The German Elections are approaching. . . . German Governments, like our own, need catch-cries. It behoves even Mr. Pullar, then, to have some regard if not for the Englishman's home, at all events for the Scotsman's castle.

***

War Office Preparations

FORTUNATELY, Whitehall is aware of the danger. In the course of the last few weeks steps have been taken at the War Office strongly indicative of the expectation of a declaration of hostilities at any moment. I must withhold for the present the more important part of what has come to my certain knowledge in the last few days. Let it suffice, then, if I reveal that there has recently been a sensational increase in the establishment of the Remount Department. That Department, as displayed in the Army List, is worth studying. In times of peace it would fill a page; in times of war, if complete establishments were revealed, it would fill many. The Remount Department is a weather-gauge for the Army. When it swells, look out for squalls. It is swelling now. The branches

Tripoli: The Ideal, and the Real

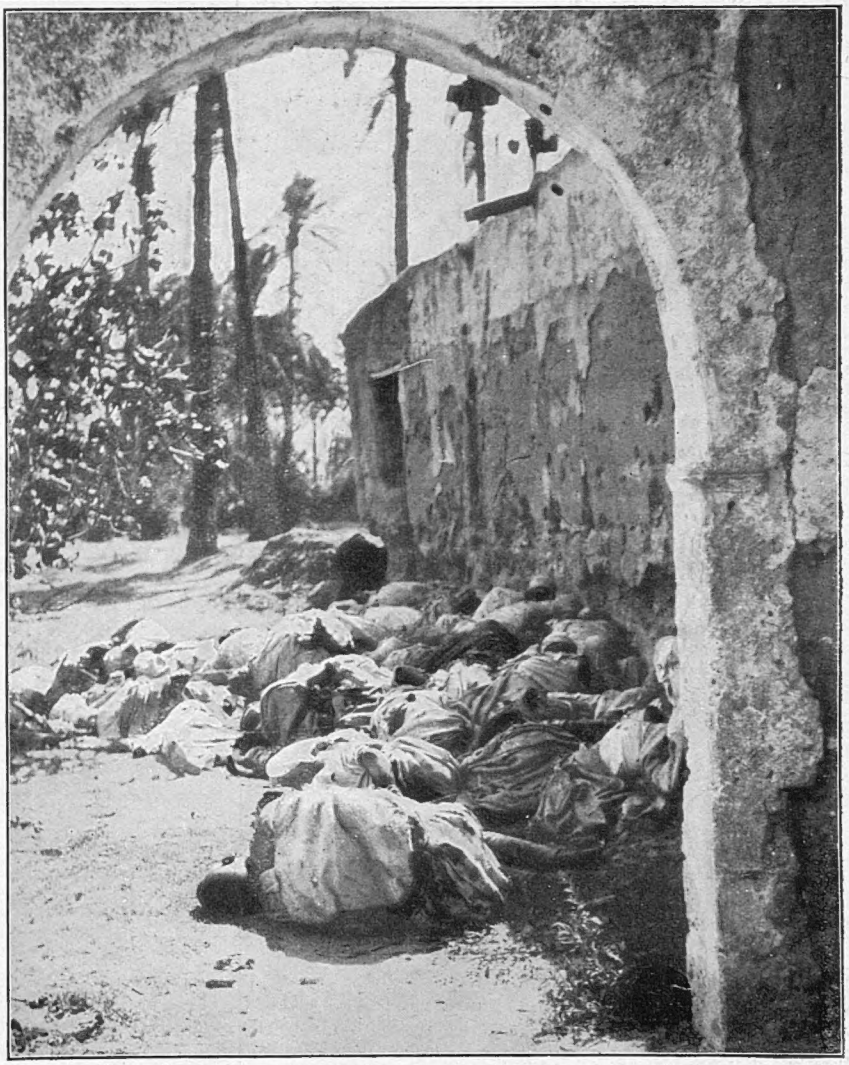
"ITALY FREES TRIPOLI FROM THRALDOM AND CRUELTY"
(As shown on a picture postcard on sale in the Peninsula)

devoted to Staff Duties and Military Operations have been much alive lately at the War Office. "Big" men have been startled to find their annual furlough cancelled or postponed. Subalterns seeking West African Frontier Force jobs or Vice-Consulships have been curtly informed that the filling of vacancies is temporarily suspended.

* *
*

The Irish Customs Puzzle

IT is rather puzzling to read that "Ministers, in the Home Rule Bill, have withheld control of the Customs because they suspect that an Irish Parliament would use it to raise a tariff against British goods." Supposing they did? What, in the name of "Free" Trade, would it matter? As we all know, it would only be the poor Irish consumer, not the base Saxon producer, who would suffer by a tariff. If England has got along so very well against foreign tariff walls, why not against an Irish one?



"ITALY FREES TRIPOLI FROM THRALDOM AND CRUELTY"
(As shown by a photograph taken on October 26. The bodies are those of Arabs shot in cold blood without trial by Italian soldiers)

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.
Every Evening, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "PEGGY." By GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. Music by LESLIE STUART. MATINÉE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.

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Will Customs Wreck Home Rule?

FROM our point of view, of course, which isn't bigotedly Cobdenite, to grant the right to tax English goods would be Separation with a vengeance. A Customs Union is the keynote of all Federal Governments (Germany, Austria, South Africa, Australia, the United States, and Canada), and the only kind of Home Rule that can ever be carried is Federal Home Rule. I anticipate that the Customs question will be the rock on which the whole craft will founder. It is time we began to construct that Unionist Cabinet again.

***

OVERHEARD (*sung at the Halsbury Club*):

Oh B., dear B., why don't you G.
You M., you know you M.
If you don't G., you'll make F.E.
And Austen C. say "Demn!"

The ditty is, I may add, being sung in a plaintive minor key befitting the mournful condition of the singers.

A CECIL FOR HERTFORDSHIRE

Lord Robert Cecil canvassing at Royston as Unionist candidate for the Hitchin division

The Monoglot Welshman

COURAGE is a rare quality, particularly nowadays, in a Judge. A man who, for wisdom, is put on the Bench, has to be very careful lest he slip into being wise—outside the letter of the law. For instance, Mr. Justice Channell has dared to criticise "monoglot Welsh jurymen." I raise my hat to his lordship. I don't object to the Welsh language—fortunately, I have no reason to know it well enough—but that any inhabitant of Great Britain should be able to speak it alone is a disgrace to civilisation. Welsh is an article for purely domestic, even secretive, use, and should not be trundled out into the daylight. These are the British Isles, and they form part of the British Empire. The accepted language of the islands is that convenient and highly expressive mixture of Latin, Celt, and Saxon which is called English—and a native of the islands who does not speak the island tongue should be liable to imprisonment as a loiterer without audible means of support.

'TAKING OUR NAME IN VAIN'

A FURTHER DEVELOPMENT

AS announced last week, we are now able, in the enclosed letter which has been addressed to us, to throw an interesting light on the above matter:

(*To the Editor of* THE BYSTANDER.)

DEAR SIR,—We read with great interest and no small trepidation the article "Taking Our Name in Vain," and beg now to inform you that the cigarette which has been inspiring your curiosity is a special brand of our own. It is not, however, correct to speak of it as THE BYSTANDER cigarette. It is true that, being attracted by the cover of your widely read and most popular journal, we borrowed the picture design upon it. . . . It is also true that some of our friends received from us privately samples requesting their opinion on the merits of the weed on which your cover-design was used. It occurred to us as just possible that some of these gentlemen might communicate with you, and we see from your issue of October 25 that this is the case. It is only right that we should now make a clean breast of our action in appropriating for this private experiment your cover-design. At the same time, we now beg to send you a box of 100 Special Virginia Cigarettes for your personal trial, and that of your friends. We believe after you have smoked them that you will not only forgive us this little offence, but that you will even wish that your name could be perpetually associated with a weed the flavour of which is likely to appeal to the taste of the cultured class to whom your admirable paper chiefly appeals. As you say in your issue of October 25, you would be quite agreeable to such an association, provided always that the article in question is of the desired standard of excellence, which we are quite convinced is the case with our cigarette.

Awaiting the favour of an early reply,

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) A. J. RAFFLES AND CO., LTD.
C. W. R. WARDE (*Managing Director*).

That the writers of this letter have taken a liberty with us seems apparent, but we are advised that, as the use of our cover-design has been purely private, and in the nature of a harmless *jeu d'esprit*, there is no reason why we should take too serious a view of it. As a matter of curiosity we have smoked a limited number of the cigarettes sent us, and can report that they are equal to, if not considerably better than, the vast majority of those we have smoked, and we claim to be somewhat of a connoisseur. The flavour of a cigarette, however, is not one man's taste, and before entering into any "conversations" with Messrs. Raffles on the question, we should like to invite the verdict of a number of impartial smokers, preferably strangers to us, and this will take time. We have accordingly communicated with this firm, but at the moment of going to press have not yet heard what proposal they have to make.

Meanwhile we desire it to be understood that no cigarette bearing the name "BYSTANDER" is on the market with our authority.

Au Lorgnette

A BYSTANDER'S PEEPS AT PASSING PERSONALITIES

The Man of the Moment

HOW much more interesting Royalty would be if—if only one knew just a little more that was *real* about them. The Man of the Moment just now should be King George, the Woman of the Moment the Queen. Yet the trouble is they're not—and why? Because we know nothing about them. Because circumstances compel them to live somewhat detached lives, and so thick is the cordon of courtiers and officials that surrounds them that it is practically impossible for even the thinnest streak of personality to percolate to the world outside.

What Everyone Wants to Know

Why is the King going to India? That is what everybody wants to know. Why is the monarch leaving England when, by all the signs, England may at any moment be embroiled in a European squabble, with consequences too far-reaching to talk about? Why, when the East quakes with unrest, when only a match is required to set the whole aflame, is His Majesty precipitating himself into the midst of it? Does His Majesty himself insist? Is there some secret reason for the step? Or can it be—though this is hardly possible—that Sir Edward Grey has not advised against it? In an enlightened country, under an enlightened monarchy, these are the things an enlightened people ought to know. As it is, "enlightened" is obviously an extremely unseasonable adjective.

The Candidate for Hitchin

I think it was Mr. F. E. Smith who once declared Lord Robert Cecil, the new Unionist Tariff Reform candidate for Hitchin, to be by "far the most distinguished man on the Unionist back benches to-day." He is certainly one of the cleverest and most far-seeing, and if he has the disadvantages of the legal mind (which someone has called "the ablest as well as the emptiest of all human minds"), it is also a fighting one, pertinacious, untiring, undaunted.

MISS DOROTHY DREW

Daughter of the late Rev. Harry Drew, Rector of Hawarden, whose engagement is announced to Captain F. W. Parish, Rifle Brigade, A.D.C. to Lord Gladstone

Photographs *Rita Martin*

HON. SYBIL BRODRICK

Maid-of-Honour to the Queen, and daughter of Viscount Midleton, engaged to Mr. Ronald Graham, C.B., Adviser to the Minister of the Interior in Egypt, and eldest son of Sir Henry Graham, K.C.B.

Lord Robert Cecil

All the Cecils have personality, if they lack charm, and the third son of the late Lord Salisbury always reminds me of a moulting eagle (though I confess I never saw one, except, perhaps, at the Zoo). He is so keen, alert, and bright-eyed, and his thin, curved nose, dark hair that retreats from the forehead, pale face, gaunt figure, and stooping, rounded shoulders, all carry out the idea. All the same, he can be very heavy in hand, Lord Robert Cecil, and he is one of the few who can tire the House with much speaking yet hold it with what he says. He has none of his younger brother, Lord Hugh Cecil's, emotional flights, and never attempts the intricacy and delicacy of his oratory, while he has a quite dreadful habit of saying what he thinks as well as doing as he believes. Lord Robert Cecil married a sister of Lord Durham, who this week accompanies the King to India.

A Kensington Landlady

The Countess of Ilchester, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and only daughter of Lord and Lady Londonderry, unlike her well-known mother, is one of those few modern women who prefer not to live in the public eye. She is, of course, mistress of Holland House, the most beautiful as well as the most interesting of all London residences, but no entertaining of any mark ever takes place there, and all that the world at large is allowed to see of the spacious park that surrounds the home of Kensington's biggest landlord is an acre or so of waste land on which reposes, in somewhat smut-eaten splendour, a statue and a notice board "FOR SALE," while the grounds of Holland House are not now thrown open even for the Flower Show which for many years took place there every summer.

In Somerset

In addition to her proud position as hostess of Holland House, Lady Ilchester is mistress of Melbury, a lovely old Tudor house in Somersetshire, and of Abbotsbury Castle, near by which tradition places

the scene of Canute and the courtiers. Successive heads of the house of Stavordale have all added their quota to the mansion, and the late Lord Ilchester built the fine library, which has an open timber roof. In the adjacent church are many memorials to the Brownings, who came from this part of the world. Lady Ilchester, who has three children, a son and two daughters, inherits from her mother a love of sport and the open-air life.

Grandchild of Gladstone

Among the many autumn weddings is that of Miss Dorothy Drew, who met her future husband, Captain Parish, a grandson of the late Sir Woodbine Parish, while on a visit to her uncle, Lord Gladstone, to whom Captain Parish is A.D.C. in Africa. Miss Drew, with the G.O.M. for maternal grandparent, was, of course, born to reflected fame—and for many years held that part in the public eye that Miss Megan George now holds, being constantly photographed with her grandfather, either studiously in the library at Hawarden or chopping wood in an adjacent forest.

Marriage of a Maid-of-Honour

Two Maids-of-Honour are included in the brides of the year—Miss Blanche Lascelles, Maid-of-Honour to Queen Alexandra, whose marriage to Mr. George Lloyd, M.P., takes place next week, and Miss Sybil Brodrick, Maid-of-Honour to Queen Mary, whose engagement to Mr. Harry Graham, adviser to the Egyptian Government, is announced. Miss Brodrick is a daughter of Lord Midleton by his first wife.

The Bridegroom of the Week—

Lord Leconfield, the bridegroom of the week, forfeits to-day, when he marries Miss Violet Rawson, a reputation long held—that of being, next to Lord Howard de Walden, the richest unmarried man in English Society. Lord Leconfield succeeded his father as third baron some ten years ago, and since, at Petworth, his famous Sussex seat, at Chillingworth, his northern castle, and at his Town house in Chesterfield Gardens, has established a reputation for delightful, if informal, entertainments. In accordance with family tradition, Lord Leconfield owns his own pack of hounds.

—And the Bride

The new Lady Leconfield is a charming girl, whose prowess in the hunting-field has not prevented her graduating in a certain amount of that culture still considered necessary to the future great lady. Half the peerage claims relationship with her, more than half have sent gifts for her marrying, and her maids and pages at to-day's wedding at the inevitable St. Margaret's include Lady Blanche Cavendish, eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Lady Margaret Scott, Lady Mary Hamilton, Lady Diana King, Lord Charles Cavendish, and Viscount Ockham.

The Suite for India

Busiest of all busy people in Town this week are those appointed to attend the King and Queen on their journey to India, and additions to the King's staff are being made daily. Up to now some of the best known include Lord Crewe, the Secretary of State, whose health, though still far from robust, has sufficiently mended for him to undertake the Indian journey, and the Duke of Teck, who has been appointed personal A.D.C. to his brother-in-law, the King.

Photograph *Rita Martin*

THE VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

Who has just presented her husband with a third daughter. Lord Ingestre is, of course, heir to the Shrewsbury Earldom, and his wife, before her marriage, was Lady Winifred Paget, a sister of the Marquess of Anglesey

Well-Known Members

Then there is Lord Durham, appointed Lord High Steward to His Majesty; Lord Annaly, one of the King's oldest friends, who is permanent Lord-in-Waiting; Lord Stamfordham, who will continue to act as private secretary; and Lieut. Sir H. Smith-Dorrien, who is one of the many aides-de-camps. Sir Edward Henry, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, goes to attend to the guard over the Royal person, and among a host of others may be mentioned Rear-Admiral Keppel, Sir Charles Cust (who will accompany the King on his shooting expeditions), Sir Derek Keppel, and Lieut.-Colonel Sir Havelock Charles, Surgeon to the King.

To Attend the Queen

To carry out her high duties as Mistress of the Robes, the Duchess of Devonshire will be forced to tear herself away from domestic joys for a good many weeks on end, and the same may be said of Lady Shaftesbury, who shares with Her Majesty very strong domestic propensities. Lady Eva Dugdale, a constant attendant on the Queen, and a Maid-of-Honour; Miss Venetia Baring, daughter of Lord Ashburton, will also accompany the Queen; while Lord Shaftesbury will attend Her Majesty as Lord Chamberlain.

CELEBRATING A FAMOUS SPORTSMAN'S SILVER JUBILEE AS MASTER OF HOUNDS

The scene at the presentation to Mr. W. H. A. Wharton, who has opened his twenty-sixth season as Master of the Cleveland Hounds. Our photograph was taken at the Master's residence, Skelton Castle, Cleveland, Yorks

POPULAR HOSPITALITY: The Shooting House-Party

THE cult of the country house-party is still a cult that counts. In complexion, however, it has been considerably altered, chiefly, perhaps, by the coming of the motor, which, with the possibilities that innovation presents of flight at any moment, has practically eliminated from the country house-party of to-day the presence of that arch-fiend Boredom—whose fearsome wings too often hovered over the house-parties of the day before yesterday.

Week-End Shooting-Parties

Since the "little," or autumn, season came into fashion in London, the week-end shooting-party has become the popular hospitality of the moment. Town, especially when Parliament is sitting and a bright, early November sun lightens the luncheon-room at the Ritz, is the place *par excellence* in which to spend a satisfactory week-middle. By Friday, however, things begin to pall, and there comes a longing to replace with the sweet silence of a waiting covert or the enthralling whirring and whizzing of the rising bird, the dreary din of the crowded town. It is a matter of a minute or so for one's man or maid to pack a week-end outfit and order out the car, so that by dinner-time—a movable feast generally in the country house on Friday nights—one can be comfortably ensconced where motor-'buses are not, also clubs, and where the talk is rather of to-morrow's sport than of the Russian Ballet or the Insurance Bill.

House-Parties of the Week

Led by the King, who entertained a succession of men-guests at York Cottage last week, all owners of shoots are busy at the moment proffering hospitalities, sport for their objective. Among the most prominent of the hosts entertaining parties are the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe at Floors; the Duke and Duchess of Wellington at Ewhurst; Lord and Lady Harrowby at Sandon; Lord and Lady Iveagh, who have shooting very much *de luxe* at Elveden; Earl Curzon at Hackwood; Sir Ailwyn Fellowes at Honingham, near Sandringham; the Duke of Devonshire, whose Duchess accompanies the Queen to India, at Chatsworth; Lord and Lady Craven, who entertain throughout the autumn at Combe Abbey; Lord Carnarvon at Highclere; Lord and Lady Northbrook at Stratton Park; Lord Leicester on his famous vast Holkham preserves; Lord and Lady Scarborough at Lumley Castle; Mr. and Mrs. Coventry at Stonor, whose owner, Lord Camoys, preparatory to the espousing of an American heiress, is now in New York going through the usual horrible "publicity" mill; and, among many others, Lord and Lady Galway, whose last week's party at historic Serlby included the Duke of Teck, just appointed Silver Stick-in-Waiting on his brother-in-law, the King, in India, the Duchess of Teck, and Lord and Lady Nunburnholme.

Shooting at Serlby

Lord Galway is a general enthusiast where sport is concerned. Best known, perhaps, as M.F.H., he is otherwise one of the best all-round sporting men of the day—can throw a fine fly, is a first-rate shot at a driven partridge, can do a round of golf with almost anyone, and has shot big game not without distinction. Politically, he was known for many years in the Commons as the Stormy Petrel, and his Viscountess frightened us dreadfully a little while ago by announcing at a public meeting that, "though she did not want to be an alarmist, was not an alarmist, she yet believed there would be an invasion of England, and thought it was only their duty to prepare in time of peace for what might happen in war. Their enemies would probably land on the coast of Yorkshire . . . and would be at Doncaster . . . (I do hope they'll not choose a meeting day!) . . . where there would be a great battle in no time."

An Heiress Hostess

Lady Galway is a double-event heiress, having inherited huge fortunes from her father, Mr. Gosling, the banker, and her brother. At Serlby, where, three years ago, she entertained King Edward to some delightful "Revels" (based upon a visit paid to Serlby in 1523 by King Henry VIII., at which, so says history, there were revels indeed!), Lady Galway entertains with much splendour, and that sort of patrician precision which *should* (but generally does not) go with blue blood and ducal ancestors, and all that sort of thing.

Sportsmen of the Moment

THE SHOOTING AND HUNTING INTERESTS CONVERGE

THE HON. GEORGE MONCKTON-ARUNDELL
(son of Viscount Galway) waiting for the drive at his father's shoot

LORD NUNBURNHOLME
At Viscount Galway's shoot at Serlby Hall, Bawtry, Yorks

VISCOUNT GALWAY
Waiting for the birds to come over

MR. ALBERT BRASSEY
Who will accompany the King to India, at the opening meet of the Heythrop Hunt, of which he is Master

THE DUKE OF TECK
At Viscount Galway's shoot

It is wonderful that the hunting and shooting interests do not violently clash. True, hunting men shoot, and vice versâ, and therefore an etiquette of give and take obtains, but to the tyro it is a little puzzling that there should not be more friction over the foxhunter's frequent disturbance of game. The foxhunting season has just opened, and the sportsman may daily choose between his gun and his horse

A Baronet and His Bride

LADY HELEN GROSVENOR, WHO IS SHORTLY TO BE MARRIED TO SIR HILL CHILD

Daughter of a duke, aunt of a duke, and sister of a duchess, Lady Helen Grosvenor possesses a pleasing personality of her own, is a fine and fearless rider to hounds and one of the most charming girls in Society. Her only sister is Lady Crichton and her half-sisters are the Duchess of Teck and Lady Osborne, while for brothers she has Lord Edward and Lord Hugh Grosvenor and for half-brothers, Lord Arthur, Lord Henry, and Lord Gerald Grosvenor.

Photograph *Lafayette*

SIR SMITH HILL CHILD, Bt.

Lady Helen's future husband, Sir Smith Hill Child, has done some soldiering, but now commands a detachment of Territorials. He is very wealthy, owns Stallington Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, has a place in Scotland, a flat in Town, and a shooting box in the vicinity of Combermere, the house that Katherine Duchess of Westminster, Lady Helen's mother, rents from Lord Combermere. His family is a very old one.

The New Eye on the Navy

HAS MR. CHURCHILL GOT IT ON THE ARMY AS WELL, AND DOES HE FAVOUR COMPULSORY SERVICE?

MR. CHURCHILL is to keep his eye on the Navy. It behoves good patriots to keep theirs on Mr. Churchill. The move is one of the most significant so far made by the smartest Government of modern times. Let us not be in too much of a hurry to assume that any very dire decline in naval strength will be the first fruit of the work of the new First Lord. That Mr. Churchill was formerly in favour of the anti-Dreadnought policy associated with Lord Charles Beresford we know. At the Admiralty, however, facts are facts, and the First Lord will have to take them as he finds them. There is not likely yet awhile to be any specific change in our shipbuilding programme. What change is likely to come, as a result of the presence of Winston at the Admiralty, is more likely to be in the whole sphere of Imperial defence. Conservatives, who had the Tariff Reform trick trumped by the Lloyd George Budget, had best beware lest another of their prospective tricks be killed by the enemy in advance—I mean the trick called National Service.

SOME two or three years ago, THE BYSTANDER had a private interview with a personage who, at that time, occupied a very influential position in the highest councils of the State. In the course of a lengthy dissertation on the state of national defence, we were informed that among those in favour of compulsory service were two very prominent members of the Cabinet, who believed in it because—it would be cheapest in the long run! We do not wish to make any capital out of this revelation, but merely to mention it *en passant*. It is, however, not without interest to take a long look into the career of the new Minister of Marine, and to make our speculations accordingly.

Mr. Churchill, like his father before him, has never specially "doted" on the Navy. His pre-Parliamentary career was that of a soldier. He saw service on the Indian frontier, on the Nile, in Cuba, and in South Africa. Since he took up politics he has more than once figured in uniform at military manœuvres both at home and abroad. His promptitude in calling out the military both at Sidney Street and during the recent strikes showed that the soldier within him is not, as his principal supporter in the Press might wish, made of Cadbury's chocolate. Winston, to put it briefly, has a clank about his heels. Secondly, Mr. Churchill has proved himself to be a man of broad ideas and long sight. It is to be expected that the thoughts he is now a-thinking are not the thoughts merely of a man seeking to gain a 'prentice knowledge of all there is to learn about ships. Mr. Churchill is probably thinking out the problem of National Defence as a whole. He has seen and heard a little lately, from both French and German lips, of the opinion held abroad as to England's military strength. He knows that, despite our boasted naval supremacy, we should, had war broken out between France and Germany, have been able to do nothing on land to help France, Belgium, and Holland to save themselves from the Prussians. He knows that, since the Bosnian fiasco of 1908, the great allied military Empires arrange things between themselves without reference to England.

He knows that Germany, by building her fleet of Dreadnoughts and raising the invasion bogey, has succeeded in compelling us to concentrate our ships in home waters, and that the seas of which we are mistress are not even those which wash our own shores. Lastly, he knows, as an economist and as a would-be social reformer, that the sum England is spending annually on her Navy is a disbursement out of all proportion to what ought, in the absence of panic, to be spent on only one arm of national defence. From the lips of his soldier friends he hears the piteous wail of "We are defenceless." And yet he knows that our Army Estimates show no decrease, despite our increasing inefficiency.

THE SOLDIER RULER OF THE KING'S NAVEE
Mr. Churchill in, respectively, the full dress and field uniform of a Major in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry

I have, as stated above, very good reason to believe that Mr. Churchill has for a long time seen what it should be the business of the Conservatives to see, but which, owing to their contemptible squabbling amongst themselves, they are too blind to see—that the time has come to consider afresh the whole problem of National Defence. Mr. Churchill must desire to restore to the Navy the proper functions of a fleet—that is, to seek out and destroy the enemy wherever he may be, and to

protect the honour of the flag and the rights of civilisation in every quarter of the globe—functions which it is no longer able to perform because of the lack of a home army competent to hold an invader in check for more than an insignificant space of time. Mr. Churchill has seen the Haldane scheme to be imposing enough in shape, but utterly powerless in body. And he knows that it is this fact which is the root cause of panic shipbuilding. Dreadnoughts we build, and build, and build, not for the honour of the flag and the glory of the Empire, but for the Englishman's Home. The soldier ruler of the King's Navee is to put his hands deeper into the pockets of the taxpayer in order to save the youth of England from the fatigue of a little drill and rifle practice, and to enable him to spend his spare time at music-halls, picture theatres, or watching football matches.

But, you remind me, Mr. Churchill is a Liberal, and the Liberals would never *dare* to propose compulsory service. Wait a minute, please. Mr. Churchill is *not* merely a Liberal. He is Mr. Churchill. If he honestly believed that National Service would be the means of putting an end to the senseless naval rivalry, and at the same time of restoring to England her proper position as an Imperial Power, he would not hesitate to advocate it even if the penalty of his doing so were to be—*the leadership of the Conservative party!* Before you scout this as the forecast of a diseased imagination, look a little into the probabilities of the immediate future. The Insurance Bill will probably pass before Christmas, and it will be agreed that, with that, Social Reform at the national expense can rest on its laurels. There follows Home Rule, which, doubtless, Mr. Churchill also fully expects will pass, probably by agreement between the parties. Disestablishment, Plural Voting, and the rest of it all disposed of by the end of next Session, what will then be the most attractive dish to set before the electors? High Toryism? Well, not exactly that. But something with a Toryistic savour about it, served up by a renegade Radical (as were the great leaders, Chamberlain and Disraeli), will be a distinctly attractive line—who knows but it will not be Compulsory National Service, offered by Winston Churchill! In conclusion, let me repeat — that true Conservatives must beware lest, while they are bathing in each other's blood, their clothes be stolen by one who would very much like to wear them himself.

FIRST LORD AND FIRST LADY

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, who will, the one officially, the other hospitably, henceforth look after the welfare of His Majesty's ships and the sailors thereon. Mrs. Churchill begins her duties by launching, on November 18, at Devonport, H.M.S. "Centurion," a sister ship of the "King George V."

"THE BYSTANDER" AND THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE

We have pleasure in announcing that arrangements have been made with the brilliant novelist and *littérateur,*

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER,

to write a weekly causerie under the heading of "The Critical Attitude." The articles will treat, in the critical style of which Mr. Hueffer is a master, of affairs in all the various worlds, but more particularly those of art, letters, music, and the drama.

* * *

Mme. Donalda and Signor Caruso: A Correction

A paragraph appeared in our issue of October 25 to the effect that Signor Caruso attended the last Donalda concert, "armed against boredom with a book, from which he read aloud extracts from time to time." We are informed by Mme. Donalda that the statement is untrue, Signor Caruso having been, at the time when the concert took place, in America. As the paragraph may have been damaging to the professional reputation of Mme. Donalda, whose merits as a singer are beyond all question, and have on many occasions been extolled in our columns, we beg to tender an expression of our sincere regret at its inadvertent appearance.

The Cruelty of Being Kind

People Mean Well, But—

When a man, after a nervous breakdown, returns partially recovered to his work, it is often kinder not to be too kind in your inquiries. He's glad, of course, that you're glad he's back, but don't be too demonstrative about it—unless you want to send him back to bed again, worse

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"MUSIC," declared the Lord Mayor the other day, "is an acquisition which enables the learner to confer happiness on other people." Learners of the flute and such instruments will be glad to hear this on the Lord Mayor's authority, for other people are so apt to disguise the pleasure that beginners give them.

* * *

Sixty navvies in Adelaide have struck work because their supervisor stopped giving them afternoon tea. It is pleasant to realise that the men had a real grievance, and did not strike for some trivial reason—such as the cucumber sandwiches being cut too thick.

* * *

The strike, on the other hand, of the miners who are aggrieved because one of their number, who obtained an Oxford diploma, has not been re-employed at the pit, would seem an unreasonable state of affairs. It might be chivalrous, but think how awkward it would be if all our K.C.'s struck work because a young man who was called to the Bar did not at once receive briefs.

* * *

Mr. Birrell, speaking at his old school last week, confessed that the masters he had liked best were those who taught him nothing. Critics of Mr. Birrell complain that the habit continues, and that both he and his colleagues in the Cabinet continue to show a preference for the people who teach them nothing.

* * *

A distinguished French poet has written the preface to the sale catalogue of the ex-Sultan of Turkey's jewels. One hopes this utilitarian side of the poets will not be pressed too far. It would be very distressing to lovers of the Muse if they heard, one day, that Mr. Alfred Austin was writing an ode to celebrate the "Great White Sale" at one of our stores.

* * *

A London lad who stole £5 in order that he might visit Aberdeen was arrested last week by the police. What the stupid lad ought to have done, of course, was to have been born in Aberdeen and visited London. He need not then have had any money in his pockets, and would have got fifty times £5 in no time. Life is so contradictory.

* * *

CHINESE BATTLE DETAILS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

Pankow, date uncertain, ? Saturday, October 10, 1900 via Boo-Hoo, Sunday, 3.3 a.m.

The Imperial troops and the rebels have had another great fight in the vicinity of Pankow. The rebels had a dreadful reverse, and the Imperial ships on the Yang sank with all hands. Shi Pong (China's strong man) swam ashore on a painted wooden shell. He has been proclaimed President of the Republic, on condition that he wears a double pigtail. Several Mandarins in Peking fainted at the noise of the battle. Foreign residents in Shanghai are considered safe. The casualties on either side are enormous. The Chinese Emperor, aged five, has ordered that his first copybook should be sold by public auction, and the proceeds devoted to an Aeroplane Corps. It is believed that this will save the Ching or Manchu dynasty.

* * *

THE AMERICANISATION OF JOHN CHINAMAN

The Chinese rebels are credited with the intention of establishing an independent Republican Union or Confederation of States on the lines of the United States of America

(By Sid Treeby)

According to the Military Correspondent of the *Times*, "The majority of senior regimental officers in the German Army do not possess the physical qualifications necessary for effective service during the arduous strain of the infantry fight." Still, it must not be forgotten that when Mr. Orville Wright has perfected his new wings, many of these stout Prussian officers could easily be converted into dirigible balloons.

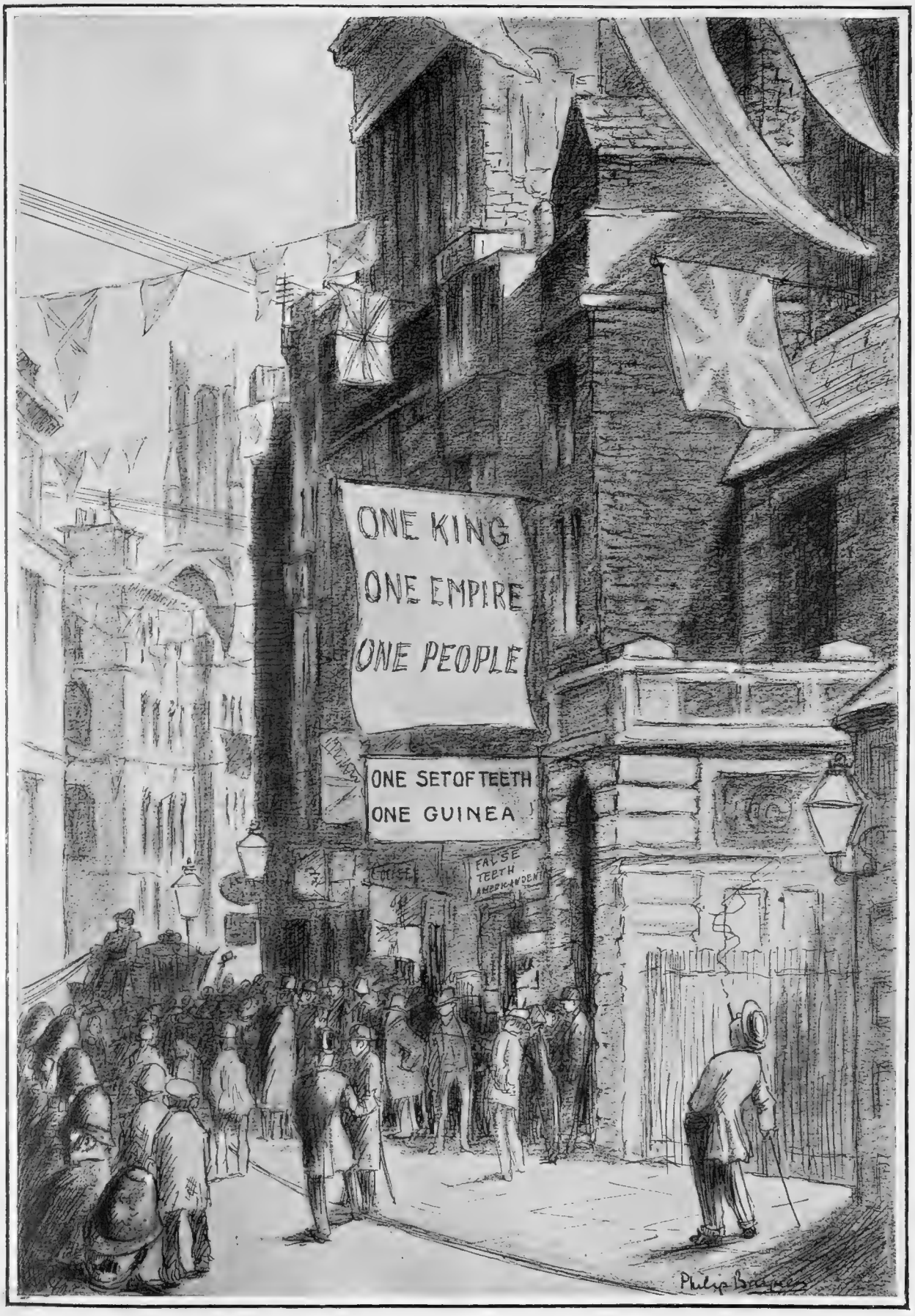
* * *

The *Times* critic maintains that "the German Army has trained itself stale." One certainly has noticed that the ordinary German waiter is lacking in dash, until it is a question of the tip. Then he seems to pull himself together.

* * *

Only the very great really understand humility, and surely no one lower than an Archduke would have thought of marrying himself—as the Archduke Ferdinand Karl has done—under quite so simple a name as that of "Herr Bug."

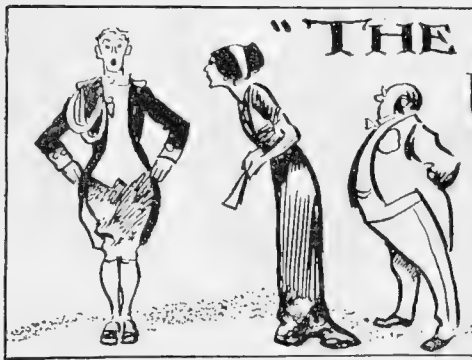
Also One Lord Mayor!



STARTLING SIGNBOARD NOTICED BY AN AMERICAN VISITOR IN A LONDON STREET ON LORD MAYOR'S SHOW DAY

BY PHILIP BAYNES

"THE UNINVITED GUEST" AT THE PRINCE of WALES'S



MR. CHARLES HAWTREY, having been reprimanded on several occasions for not producing a play with at least one falsehood in it, has now seen the error of his ways, and has given the public what it wants. *The Uninvited Guest* is from the French of that genial humorist, Tristan Bernard, adapted for the English stage by Mr. John N. Raphael, the enterprising journalist who invented Paris for the amusement of English newspaper readers. The guest in question is Jacques Calvel, who strolls into the Hôtel Bellevue, where a wedding party is taking place, and makes himself more or less at home. Jacques is a designer of furniture in private life—a business which does not appear very remunerative, since, in order to appear at the hotel in dress clothes, he has been obliged to borrow the coat from one person and the shoes—well, he makes no secret of the fact that they were outside the door of another guest at his hotel, practically asking to be borrowed. Mr. Hawtrey's first entry is extremely amusing. While his unknown host and hostess are apprehensively counting the fresh arrivals—at fifteen francs a head, according to the hotel tariff—he strolls in, and walks across the stage to where a box of cigars lies open on a side-table. After he has found a couple of cigars that suit his rather fastidious taste, he lights one and puts the other in his pocket for future reference, and then strolls without a word into the champagne room, where he is satisfied he has business of an urgent character. This is all very droll and quite in Mr. Hawtrey's best style.

While Jacques is strolling through the rooms anxious to make the most of this opportunity for an unauthorised evening's amusement, he meets Berthe Conthier, a charming young lady, who is all the more charming because her father happens to be a millionaire. And everyone knows how lovely a girl in that position is. By this time Jacques is not altogether sober. When you are offered an unexpected run on the free champagne, you cannot afford to throw away your chances; but the evidence of Jacques's condition is very slight, and very delicately manifested. As they used to say in the old, intemperate days, he carries his wine like a gentleman. Under its influence he screws up his courage sufficiently to exchange a little chaff with the young lady, who seems to be not at all averse from the sport. The amusement is interrupted by the

arrival of Barthazar (Mr. Arthur Playfair), a friend of Jacques, a man who lives by his wits, together with a really brilliant faculty for borrowing money—a faculty which many other men have spent a lifetime in the endeavour to acquire, but without success. Barthazar scents business in a moment. He is on very good terms with the lady's father, and he offers to arrange a marriage between Jacques and Berthe in return for a modest commission of one thousand pounds per annum during the rest of his life. I think in political economy this is what they call the Wages of Ability.

As a millionaire is not likely to be too ready to embrace a penniless furniture designer with a playful weakness for borrowing without the lender's consent, Barthazar gives it out that Jacques is a rising young man in the steel industry, making a large income from the French agency of a German firm. The millionaire takes at once to so promising a young man, and a friend of his, who happens to be in the steel business himself (the printer will, I know, watch the orthography of the word "steel," as the Americans claim that it ought to be spelt differently), offers him a partnership in his own firm, and for a little while things go with Jacques on little wheels, as the French say. Jacques, is, however, different from the other stage liars that Mr. Hawtrey has given us. He does not tell his falsehoods as if he enjoyed them. On the contrary, he begins to feel mean at a very early stage (as well, indeed, he may), and so far from backing up the first falsehood by a magnificent series of further efforts, he goes and blurts out the whole truth in a fit of doleful penitence. But that is because this is a comedy and not a farce. And it is a romantic comedy besides, because Jacques has fallen genuinely in love with the little lady he met at the Hôtel Bellevue, and it hurts him to think he should be acting the part of a base deceiver.

Thus, in due course, Jacques confesses himself to be an impudent fraud, and he goes out of Berthe's life and accepts a post as salesman in a furniture shop. Here, again, Mr. Hawtrey's humour is very dry and very choice. When a lady and her daughter come to buy furniture in view of the daughter's forthcoming wedding to an elderly suitor, Jacques forgets for the moment the interests of his employer, and gives the lady a little sermon on the advisability of encouraging youth to mate with youth. The lady is so impressed that she goes away without making any purchases at all. This new kind of shopman seemed to know what he was talking about, and she became nervous. Then Berthe, who has not forgotten Jacques, comes to the shop, and soon she is helping, or pretending to help, him as he deals with orders that come through the telephone. A good deal of fun is got out of the telephone. The things that Jacques says to Berthe are heard by the man at the other end of the wire, who is surprised at this wholly uninvited demonstration of affection from an entire stranger; and the words that Jacques addresses to him in order to keep him in his place are misunderstood by Berthe as having been addressed to herself. But, of course, everything ends happily at the finish, and everybody is satisfied in due course.

JINGLE

Thoughts in the Train

DAY OR BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS?

HAVE just thrown down the *Westminster*—with great pleasure to-night—for it has a column of correspondence (mostly from schoolmasters) on the rival merits of day or boarding school for boys. Anything to do with education makes me shiver, as do all other public questions which have a close and expensive domestic aspect. My interests in public affairs vary inversely with their private application. It is because Tariff Reform closely touches my pocket that I detest it most of all public questions. Education will, in a very few years now, also touch mine. The question of day or boarding school will have to be faced by me.

I should hate, as a sort of Individual Anarchist, to lay down the law for the rest of my fellow-creatures, but the education question does seem to me to require digging out of the great ditch into which it has been left by a generation of faddists. One has, let us say, deliberately contributed two small mites to the population of these isles; in a few years time they will become large mites. Hitherto, they have been at times a nuisance, often a pleasure. In a few years time, so one is told, they will become a problem. Why? Because of their EDUCATION. The time is approaching when they are to be ruthlessly torn from the home one provides for them, removed from the influence of those who have deliberately brought them into the world, and who have their interests entirely at heart, and handed over to the tender mercies of a SYSTEM. A SYSTEM, let it be said, which one has personally had no share whatever in shaping. They are to have dinned into their little heads dogmas which one disbelieves, are to learn a version of "history" which must needs be garbled, the location and attributes of places they are never in the least likely to visit, based, more often than not, on data and maps long since obsolete. They are to be grounded in languages living and dead, in figures and formulæ, and gases, and goodness knows what not, about each and all of which their parents have long since forgotten.

One's children, whom one has taken such care to bring into, and to keep in, the world, are soon to be converted into wholly different creatures, in which identity the chances are they will be utter strangers to one. Talk will be mutually unintelligible, conversation will lack confidence. A great gulf will yawn between us, and will go on expanding until, their "education" finished, they will pass out into the world.

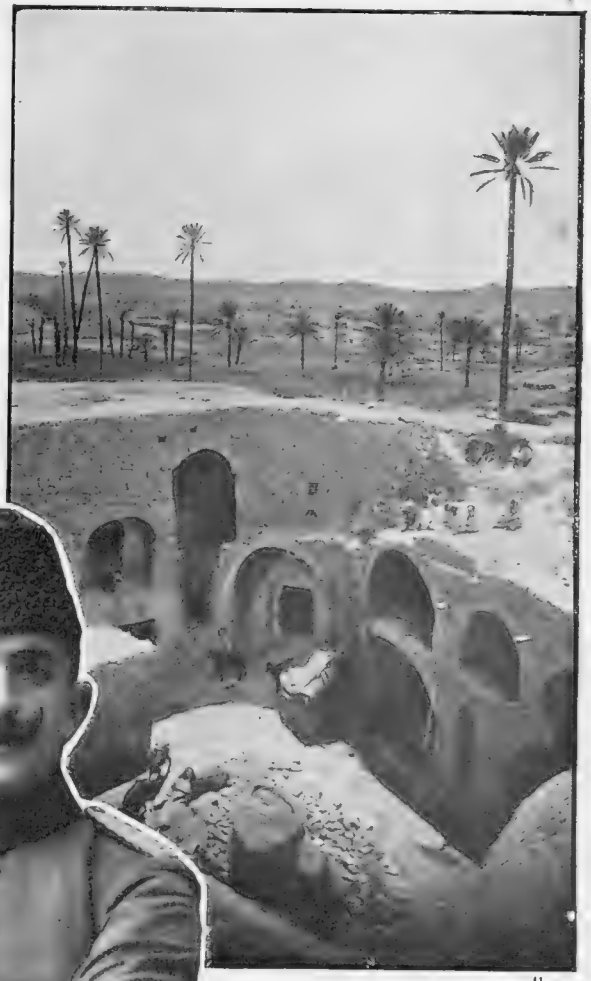
But I forgot. The question raised by the *Westminster* was not on the broad question whether or not the child should be torn from its parent and natural protector and returned a stranger to him, but whether the eclipse of parental influence should be partial or total. Shall we lose the child altogether, save for the intervals known as holidays, and leave not only his "education," but his health and character, to the formation of the SYSTEM which we have not helped to make, or shall we just lose him for the day? First, I resent the claim on the part of the SYSTEM to teach my children at all. Suppose I concede the right to teach, admitting myself to be too busy. I next deny, with all the strength of my vocabulary, the right to do any more than teach. The child's health and moral character are essentially my responsibility, and I wish, before I agree to entrust him to others, to have it proved to me that he will fare better at the hands of schoolmasters, matrons, and his schoolfellows, in what is called by the Bishop of London the "barrack life of our great Public Schools," than he will in his home. I am no opponent of Public Schools. On the contrary, I, like most of my generation, thank heaven that there was some institution ready to rescue one from the home of the last century, which religious bigotry combined with horrible taste in art and letters to make the worst possible environment. School was, to thousands of boys of the Victorian era, a merciful release from the rigours of home. "Mater" generally meant well enough; but Pater—well, there were exceptions, of course, but Dickens gave us a true average picture of him in Podsnap, Pecksniff, Dombey, and the rest.

But the passage of religious bigotry, the wholesale broadening of ideas, and the enormous improvement in taste and in hygiene, has made the home of our day a different place. Say what the Bishops like about the decline in parenthood, it is the fact that those who undertake it to-day do so with much more foresight as to its responsibilities. The child of to-day is studied with a care that he never got in the callous, cynical Victorian past. As a result, the claim of the boarding school to the boy's body, mind, and soul has to be justified anew. Its principal claim is for its discipline, its games, its "public spirit," and that it produces a type of Englishman better fitted for the wide world than the day scholar. I think experience is proving England to have had enough of that "type."

Personally, I have no animus against it. It is picturesque enough, but somewhat hard and quite incompetent, and this seems to be a world in which success and usefulness are attained only by those of more elastic texture. In short, it is necessary, with boys, for the parent to ask himself quite early in their career what is likely to be the state of the England in which they will find themselves at manhood, and for himself to plan out the various details of their education, not to pack the boy off to one of the Public Schools to become either the preposterous "type" or the persecuted exception. JOURNEYMAN

Turkey's Man of Mystery

SCENES IN THE COUNTRY BEHIND TRIPOLI WHERE



THE ARAB ATTACKS ARE BEING ORGANISED

When it is said that Enver Bey is behind the Turco-Arab revenge on Italy, our friends in the Peninsula may well look anxious. Enver is a name to conjure with. In person, a tall, handsome cavalryman, of charming but reserved manner, he was the hero of the Turkish Revolution. It was thanks to his wanderings in peasant disguise through Macedonia, preaching and organising the doctrines of Constitutionalism, that the famous march to Constantinople and the deposition of Abdul were enacted. If Enver is in Egypt, or in the Tripolitan hinterland, the chances are that he will be as successful in organising Arabs as he was Macedonians. Our photographs show the soldier-politician himself in military uniform, and in the background two scenes characteristic of the country in which he is said to be conducting operations.

THE BRILLIANT OFFICER, ENVER BEY

ORGANISER OF THE TURKISH REVOLUTION OF 1908, AND, IT IS SAID, OF THE ARAB REVENGE IN TRIPOLI, 1911

MATTERS MUSICAL

"THE RING" AT COVENT GARDEN

The Covent Garden Pantomime

My readers may remember that a year or two ago a story went the round of the more frivolous papers relating the woes of a provincial mother and son who had come up to Town at Christmas-time to see *Sinbad* at Drury Lane and by mistake found themselves at a performance of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden. Well, I can at last truly sympathise with these unfortunates. My case is parallel, only precisely opposite. I went to Covent Garden to enjoy the greatest music-drama of the century and my prevalent impression was that of assisting at a Drury Lane pantomime. The grotesque giants, the childish dragon, the incredible transformations of the wicked baron Alberich, were all there to prove that I was not mistaken. It was a pantomime.

Stage Realism

Now, to some extent this is the fault of the particular production at Covent Garden, but not altogether. The swimming machine of the Rhine-maidens might certainly be improved, the cataclysm at the end of *Götterdämmerung* be more impressive, the cinematograph depicting the Valkyries' passage through the clouds be more skilfully managed, but still we should be faced by the same problem in a less aggravated form. "The Ring" was written in the days when stage realism was the object of every artistic innovator. It may seem a long cry from the ideals of a Wagner who wished to show the Rhine overflowing its banks to those of an author of melodrama whose ambition it was to introduce a real traction-engine on the stage, but æsthetically they are twins; one a glorious, healthy child no doubt, and the other a miserable weakling, but still twins. Of course, this fact cannot be reckoned a limitation of Wagner's genius. No man is stronger than his Zeitgeist, that convenient abstraction which has been made responsible for so much. Nevertheless, to us who live in an age which is rapidly drifting away from the ideals of fifty years ago, all realism is bound to be suspicious, and, in some cases, positively unpleasant. For my part, I dare affirm that the time has come to sweep away all "Wagnerian tradition" root and branch, to begin again at the beginning, if only to preserve the ever-glorious music fresh for our grandchildren. We in England can boast of the greatest stage-reformer in Europe. Why should not Mr. Gordon Craig come to Covent Garden and produce "The Ring" for his fellow-countrymen? If we must have a tradition, let us have a new one in accordance with our present ideals, and see whither it will lead us. To me, the human, pathetic figure of Wotan is too dear to be allowed to founder in the provoking inadequacy of dress, appearance, and action which has come to be identified with Fricka, Donner, Froh, and all the rest of that divine but suburban family. I cannot bear to see the gods ascending into Walhalla as if they were walking upstairs at a mayoral reception, any more than I can bear to watch the antics of Siegfried's bear. I want these things changed, destroyed if necessary. The whole picture must be more vague, more impressionistic.

HERR. FRANZ SCHALK
Who is conducting the Wagner performances at Covent Garden

Two Perfect Performances

At one place alone do I hope that the old tradition will continue unbroken—to wit, Bayreuth. Apart from sentimental considerations, it is most desirable that there should always be a performance of Wagner's work in exactly the manner desired by Wagner. Future ages may change their ideals and return to those of 1870—more extraordinary things have happened—as the latest wonderful discovery. To them we should all be anathema, doubtless; let us not aggravate our offence by losing utterly any tradition, however repugnant it may be to our present æsthetes. It would not be fair to write about "The Ring" at Covent Garden without some mention, however curt, of the perfect performances of Van Rooy and Bechstein. Hensel, too, was good as Loge and better as Siegmund; we ought to be allowed to hear him as Siegfried, for Cornelius was not satisfactory in the part, his singing being inadequate, and his appearance resembling that of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." None of the ladies seemed remarkable. As for Schalk, who conducted, he is quite excellent; he has a wonderful sense of climax and proportion. Indeed, taken all round, the first cycle of "The Ring," the "production" apart, was a real success.

FRANCIS TOYE

Photographs *J. S. Loeb*

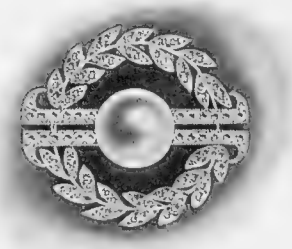
MME. BORGHILD BRYHN-LANGAARD
Who sings Brünnhilde, Sieglinde, and Senta, at Covent Garden. She is seen in the photograph with her husband, Lieut. Langaard

Queen of a Colony

THE LEADER OF SOUTH AMERICAN SOCIETY IN PARIS

MADAME GONZALES MORENO

Jules Cayron, the famous etcher and painter of women in Paris, has just finished this fascinating oil portrait. The picture is not only a portrait of a beautiful woman, but a beautiful work of art in itself. Madame Gonzales-Moreno is the head of the permanent South American colony in Paris. Her parties and balls are on a colossal scale, and invitations to her house are sought eagerly, not only by Spanish-Americans, but by Society people of every nationality



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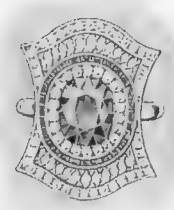
Solitaire ring of Tecla sapphire in *repercé* work set with real diamonds.

Brooch, refined *Louis Quinze* design with Tecla emerald centre. Platinum mounting and diamonds



Ring with Tecla rubies and real diamonds.

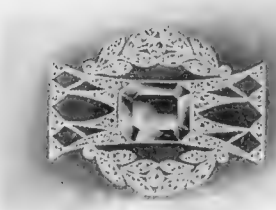


Table cut Tecla sapphire brooch in platinum openwork set with diamonds.

NOVEL JEWELLED ORNAMENTS AT THE *MAISON* TECLA.

METHODS OF—WARFARE?

Photographs Illustrating the Treatment which Italy has meted out to the Natives of the Country she claims to have Annexed

AN ARAB MURDERER ON HIS TRIAL: EXAMINING A "WITNESS"

In this photograph a little Arab girl who witnessed the man's crime is being examined by the interpreter. She is evidently none too willing to reply. On the left, chained to a soldier's arm, is the unhappy prisoner, the story of whose "crime" is told on page 291, where a further photograph of the court-martial appears

HANDS UP! A GANG OF ARAB CAPTIVES BEING BROUGHT INTO TRIPOLI

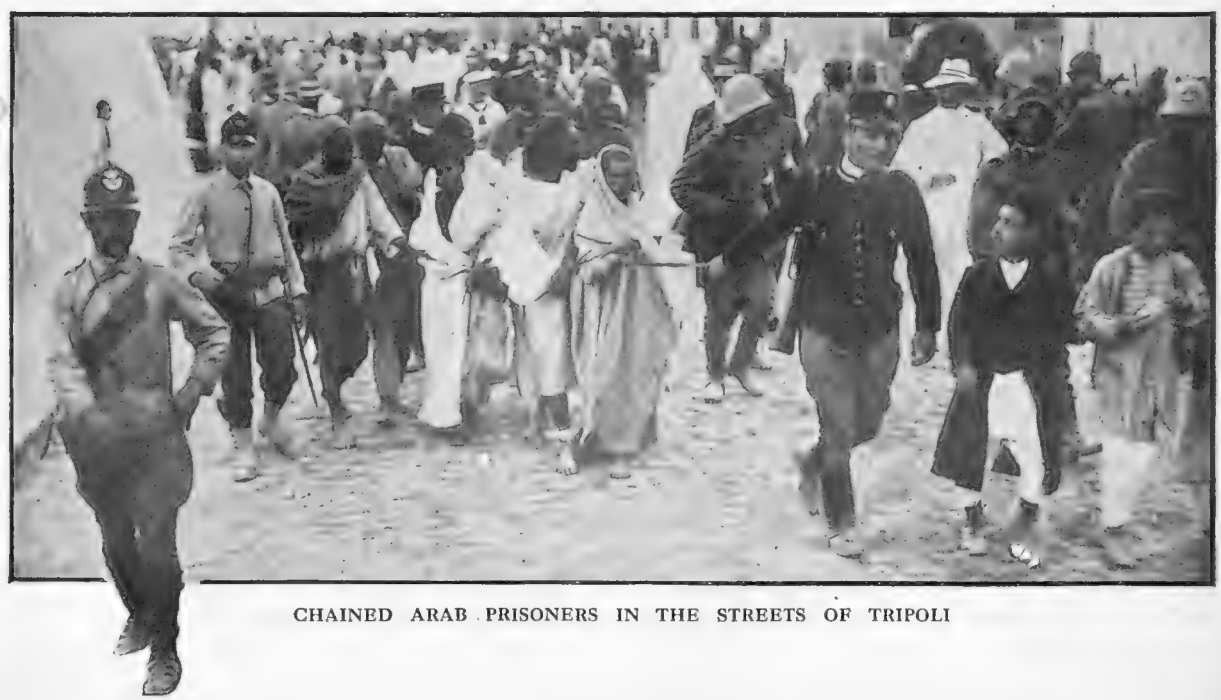
THE SLAUGHTER IN THE OASIS

THE story of the massacre of the suburban Arabs at Tripoli came as a rude shock to all who had admired the Italian methods of occupying the town. What had become of the praiseworthy instruction to commanders to avoid bloodshed wherever possible? This massacre (described by the *Times* correspondent as "indiscriminate slaughter") may have been badly provoked, but, whatever the irritation, nothing can justify an orgy of blood, in which, so we are told, the Italian soldiery got beyond control.

ARAB PRISONERS BEHIND BARS

How very much better hands we are at a little annexation job. British conquerors have always remembered that in the future they will desire to live in amity with the conquered. Such a slaughter of men, women, and children as took place at Tripoli would never find a place in a British scheme of conquest, inasmuch as, questions of humanity aside, it is so utterly impolitic!

The memory of the slaughter in the oasis will never die out, as Italy will find to her cost if she still insists on keeping Tripoli. It will always be present to inspire an insurgence and to fan the hesitating ardour of a would-be assassin. The Arab has a nature that neither forgets nor forgives.



CHAINED ARAB PRISONERS IN THE STREETS OF TRIPOLI

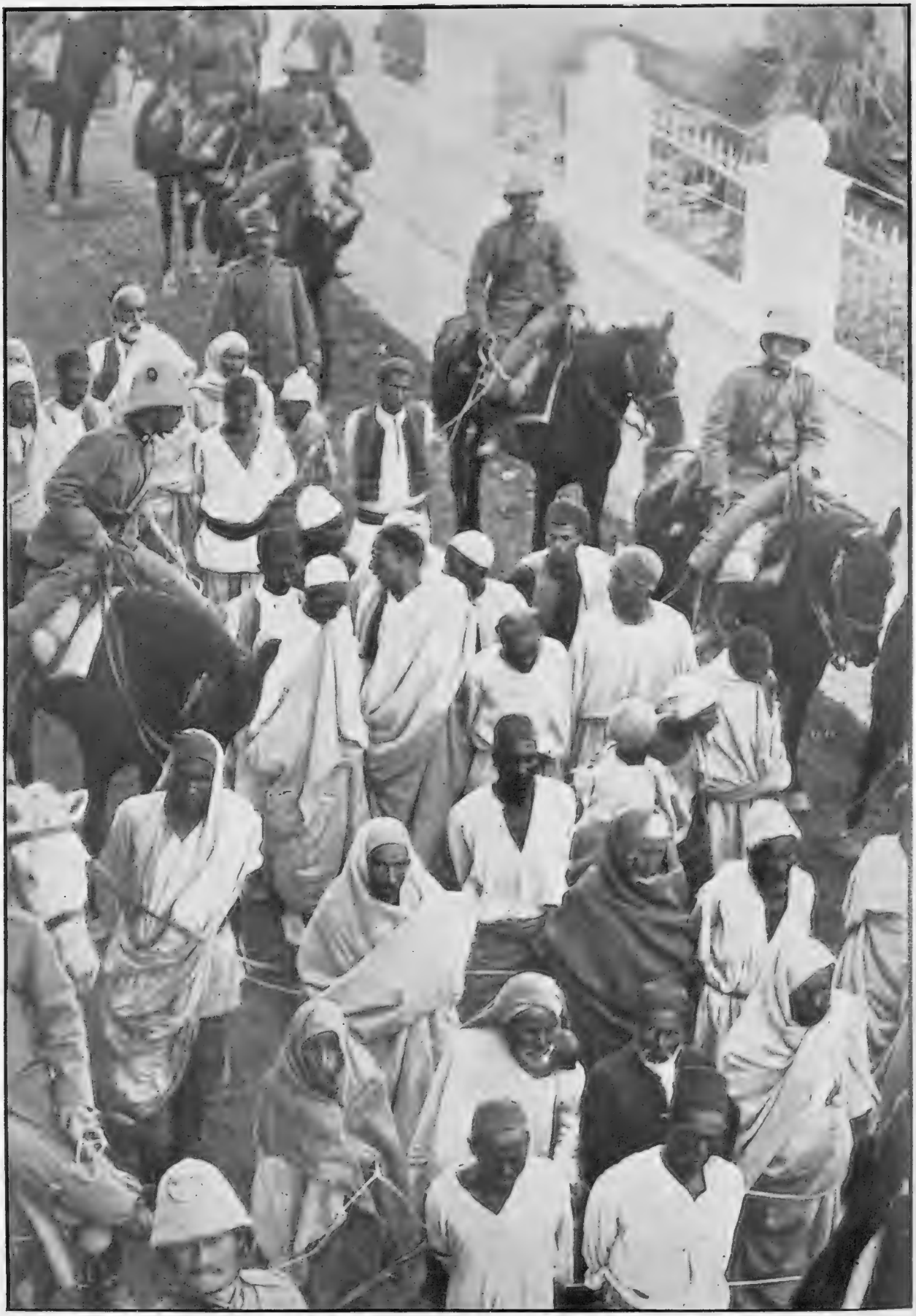
By Drumhead Court-Martial

A MURDERED ITALIAN OFFICER SPEEDILY AND RUTHLESSLY AVENGED

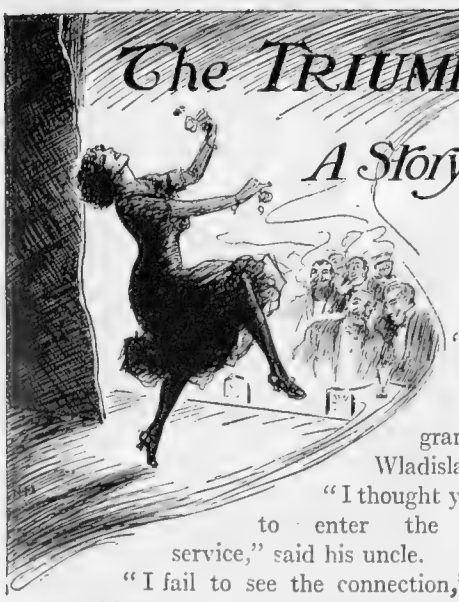
An Italian officer was stabbed in front of the German Consulate during a slight insurrection in the streets of Tripoli. While he lay on the ground a cavass of the German Consulate rushed out and did him to death, afterwards taking shelter in the Consulate. But his crime was witnessed; he was surrendered to the authorities, tried by drumhead court-martial, and shot on the seashore ten minutes later. Our photograph shows the scene at the court-martial

Prisoners of War

UNRULY ARABS WITH THEIR ITALIAN CAPTORS



The rebellion of the Arab population took the Italian Army of Occupation at Tripoli completely by surprise. The Italians had been led to think that they had won the sympathy of the Arabs, so that the latter's sudden and violent reprisals took them at a disadvantage. It is not an exaggeration to say that a great many more Arab men and women were slaughtered than captured



The Triumph of Wladislaw

A Story of Diplomacy Undone

BY ROTHAY REYNOLDS

"I should like a programme," said Wladislaw.

"I thought you intended to enter the diplomatic service," said his uncle.

"I fail to see the connection," answered Wladislaw.

"It is sufficiently obvious," said the old Count. "A diplomat must know, or at any rate appear to know, anybody of note on the stage and, for that matter, in the house. A programme in your hand placards your ignorance. Have a peach?"

He pushed a dish of fruit towards his nephew, across the little table in the middle of the box.

"I am afraid," he said, turning to me, "that there will be nobody of note for us to recognise. A café concert in Warsaw does not attract the great stars. However, although the entertainment is poor, the scene is gay."

And if noise be a sign of gaiety, he was right. The people supping at the tables on the floor of the house were chattering and laughing; the sound of their voices rose to our box, mingled with the din of the orchestra and the clatter of plates and knives. Nobody seemed to trouble about the performance on the little stage. Two obviously German boys were doing elementary tricks in gymnastics, and, when their turn was done, they stepped, smiling, down to the footlights to make little nods to the audience. One or two people began to clap their hands, but they stopped when they found the rest showed no inclination to follow their example. The two boys went off, looking crestfallen and disappointed.

"I wonder who they are," said Wladislaw, still hankering for the forbidden programme.

"What does it matter?" said the Count.

"To me they will always be Fritz and Franz," I said, "and the young person now coming on will be La Belle Elise. She is not beautiful, and she was once a housemaid. She has been taught three songs and six gestures, and, with that equipment and her sequined frock, she goes up and down Europe, screeching French slang for ten minutes an evening at five pounds a week."

"Poor girl!" said Wladislaw.

"She probably prefers it to scrubbing," said his uncle, lighting a cigarette.

Indifferent performers followed each other, and politeness alone kept me in the box. At last there was a burst of applause, the first I had remarked, and the Count, who had been sitting with his back to the stage, turned to see the cause.

The cause was a singer, who came on to the stage with a great air, as if she felt applause to be her right. Her filmy dress was sky-blue and she had stuck two red roses in her extravagantly auburn hair. Her face was so plastered with paint that she looked as if she wore a mask to conceal the ravages of time.

The old Count devoured her with his eyes.

"It can't be," he muttered; "it is not possible," and he leant over the edge of the box, gazing at the woman on the stage.

"But it is," he said; "it certainly is. Mon Dieu! c'est Diane d'Amboise."

"And who may she be?" asked Wladislaw.

"Good Heavens!" murmured his uncle; "and that boy imagines he is going to be a diplomat."

"Diane d'Amboise," I explained, "is an historical personage. She sprang into notoriety in the 'eighties, and her whims and extravagances were chronicled by the entire European Press."

"The old Duc de Grouille offered to marry her, if she would leave the stage, and she

Photograph MR. ROBERT HICHENS [*Elliott and Fry*

The well-known novelist, who, with Miss Mary Anderson, dramatised his novel, "The Garden of Allah." The recent production in New York, with Mr. Lewis Waller in the chief part, made quite a sensation, the stage effects being wonderfully realistic

(All rights strictly reserved)

refused him," said the Count, without taking his eyes from the stage. "A Mexican millionaire gave her a chain of emeralds, which hung to her feet. She was an idol. Paris worshipped her; fortunes were squandered on her; she is responsible for half a dozen suicides, and more duels than anybody knows. And now she is reduced to appearing in a Warsaw café for a few hundred francs a week. It's horrible."

She had come down to the footlights and was singing. Her voice was harsh and cracked, and yet she contrived to dominate the audience.

"She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw," said the Count, "and I have seen many. Behind the rouge and powder there must be the yellow and wrinkled face of an old woman. I hope I shall not see her off the stage; it would distress me unspeakably."

The song she sang was set to a lilting air and told of the gaiety of Paris.

A line of Dante darted into my mind:

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

The words seemed to express the tragedy of the singer's position. To keep body and soul together, she was forced to recall the brilliant folly and reckless gaiety of the city in whose embrace she had been crushed. I felt I was one of a band of torturers, compelling her to augment her misery by the recollection of past happiness.

The Count joined vigorously in the applause which followed the song.

"Her figure is still beautiful," he said, "and the gestures of her little hands are as charming as they ever were."

She returned to bow to the audience and looked up at our box. The Count was leaning forward and clapping his hands. She smiled coquettishly and kissed the tips of her fingers to him. The public roared with laughter.

"Brutes!" I said.

"It is most painful," said the Count. "Sir, I am ashamed of my compatriots," and he poured himself out a glass of champagne.

"She may be old, and she may be ugly," said Wladislaw, "but she is a woman, and should be treated with courtesy."

She showed no sign of resentment when she came on again, and, although there was a guffaw in the hall, seemed completely mistress of herself. The band played the prelude to a sickly waltz song which happened to be the vogue. When love dies, when your beautiful dream is over, when all is ended, why weep for the vanished days? she asked, and, as she sang, she slowly pulled to pieces a great red rose. I wondered if the philosophy of the decadent song gave her any comfort.

As the last crimson petals floated to her feet and the music ended, her manner suddenly changed. With a devil-may-care gesture she snatched the extravagantly auburn wig from her head and hurled it to the ground, displaying a crop of stubbly black hair.

"Good Heavens!" cried Wladislaw, "she's a man!"

The public shouted with laughter, while the great Female Impersonator nodded his thanks.

The Count drank an entire glass of champagne at a gulp.

"It's a pity we didn't have a programme," said Wladislaw sweetly.

ROTHAY REYNOLDS

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THE MISSES VIOLET AND IRENE VANBRUGH

Photograph *Lallie Charles*

Miss Violet Vanbrugh (Mrs. Arthur Bourchier) as Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth," which she is at present playing at His Majesty's Theatre

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

Miss Irene Vanbrugh (Mrs. Dion Boucicault) is appearing in J. M. Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look" at the Hippodrome

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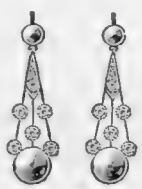

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The Bystander in Berlin

"SWINDLE ELECTIONS": HOW THEY ARE WORKED

A Bismarckian Phrase

GERMANY is fermenting over her "Swindle Elections" which are to take place on January 12. The epithet "Swindle Elections" came from the pen of Bismarck. It is being used extensively by the parties which expect to lose at the elections, whereas the parties which expect to gain say that the results will embody the infallible will of a mighty nation.

Let Who Will Win

THE German Government's attitude to a given election is entirely different from that of a British Government. In theory, the Government does not care who wins, because it is not responsible to the Reichstag, and, in Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's phrase, is "above all parties." In practice it cares very much. Being a permanently Conservative Government, it desires the Conservatives to win; but, since the Conservatives are never much more than a fourth of the Reichstag, it must look out for an ally. Sometimes it is the Catholic Centre, sometimes the National-Liberals. Under Prince Buelow, and until 1907, it was the Centre. From 1907 to 1909 it was the National-Liberals. The Prince had discovered suddenly that his Centre friends were "anti-national." When he departed in midsummer 1909, it was again the Centre, and since then the "Conservative-Centre" coalition, otherwise known as the "Blue-Black Block," has supported the Chancellor. That is, it has taken Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg under its protection, and forced him to do what it likes.

Herr "Landrat"

THE Government is now committed to this "Blue-Black Block," and it is summoning all its forces to push Conservative and Centre candidates through, and to defeat National-Liberal, Freisinn, and Social Democratic candidates. The local generalissimo of the Government electoral forces is the "Landrat," or provincial chief. Herr "Landrat" is the head of a "kreis," or provincial district. He is a nominee of Berlin, and is its local representative, and at the same time he is chairman of the local self-governing bodies. The central Government entrusts him with the duty of watching the population's opinions, keeping them in order, and seeing that they vote the right way. Which means the Government's way.

QUITE LIKE OLD TIMES: DR. COOK (OF NORTH POLE NOTORIETY) AMONG A LITTLE GROUP OF ESQUIMAUX AT THE NORDLAND EXHIBITION IN BERLIN

The Fate of the Properlied

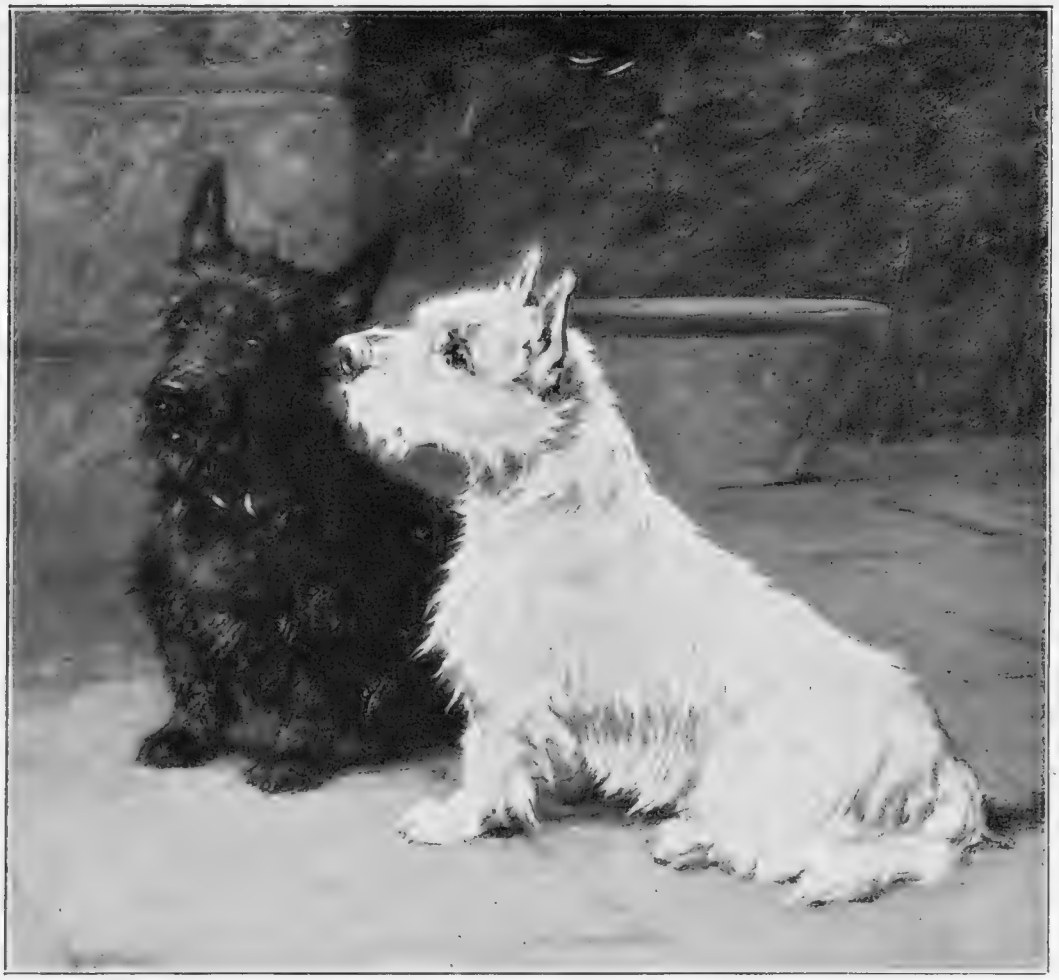
THE power of the "Landrat" is enormous, and frightens everyone except the Social Democrats, who are usually propertyless, and therefore outside Herr "Landrat's" grip. But the "bourgeois" electors, who have a stake in the locality—that is, farmers, shopkeepers, small manufacturers, and other solid, if modest, citizens—do exactly as the "Landrat" tells them. They are afraid to vote as they desire. He controls patronage and runs the local administrations; and, therefore, though he cannot prevent anyone voting secretly against the Government candidates, he has the power to make it extremely unpleasant for those who distinguish themselves by organising or speaking against these candidates. The offender, suppose he is a farmer, will wake up next morning and find that a road-making project, in which he is interested, is declared off; or, if he is a manufacturer, he will find that the factory inspectors have become unusually keen to catch him breaking the laws. The fact is, that the "Landrat" can make the life of any propertied local man very disagreeable, so the propertied man usually votes Conservative, or enthusiastically attends Conservative meetings, and carries in his pocket a ballot-paper filled in in favour of some ranting Socialist.

Happier Elsewhere

THE anti-Governmental parties owe their very existence to the fact that the "Landrat" is not omnipresent. He does not exist in the big towns, and he is unknown in the non-Prussian States. But, as it is, the "Landrat" forces a sufficient number of electors to vote against their convictions to justify Bismarck's phrase, the "swindle elections."

BUCHANAN'S

Scotch Whisky

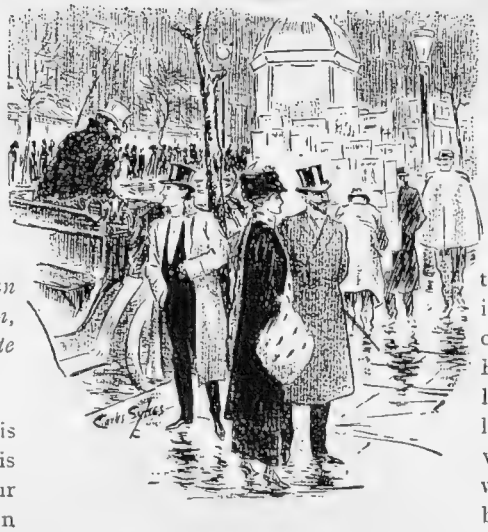


— STILL WATCHERS —

"Black & White"

BRAND.

PARIS SHOWS



et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

"M. Louis Lardenois, trente et un ans, vient d'etre arrêté à Toulon, sous l'inculpation de trafic illicite d'opium."

The Opium Curse

One often sees paragraphs to this effect in the Paris papers. Monsieur somebody has been arrested at Toulon or elsewhere for illicit dealing in opium. The illicit opium traffic which prevails in France is not only a blot on France's civilisation, does not only make for the degeneracy of France, but is endangering the efficiency of the French Navy to an extent which must be almost incredible in England. I wonder whether you remember reading of a little play called *En Plongée*, which was one of the successes of a former season at the Grand Guignol in Paris. It was a very simple little play. Something went wrong with a submarine owing to the fact that her chief officer was dazed with opium and did not know what he was doing. The playlet gave a ghastly picture of the men's last moments, and in a second scene we saw a terribly ironic and terribly true canvas of the funeral, and listened to a speech full of fine patriotic sentiments from Monsieur le Ministre de la Marine. If the opium scourge had existed in England to the extent that it exists in France the little play, *En Plongée*, would have created a wave of excitement all over the country. Paris was thrilled by it for a day or two and then forgot its lesson. Paris is like that. I believe that Miss Olga Nethersole has acquired *En Plongée*, and will have it played some day. There seems to be no hurry. Opium is not one of our big questions yet.

Toulon Harems

Will you come with me to an opium den? I know my Toulon pretty well, for several newspaper trips, with stories for their object, have taken me there. The town has a curiously Oriental side to it. I hope I shan't shock anyone when I say that a westernised edition of the harem is a very usual thing in this great seaport. I remember my first visit to a man who occupies a good position in the Press world of Toulon. He took me to lunch at his home, and introduced me to his wife. After luncheon the two of us went off to another home of his, and had coffee and cigarettes with his mistress. That evening we took a little friend of his to the theatre, and at supper he was rather annoyed because we met two other little friends whom he would have wished to have avoided that evening. I would not have mentioned this incident at all were it not for the positive fact that almost every married man in Toulon who can afford it has a second establishment of which his legitimate wife knows, and at which she winks, and that several less legitimate establishments as well are not at all uncommon and quite legitimised by Toulon custom. The curious thing about it is that this life is recognised by women as well as by men, and is not thought at all surprising. It is regarded much as Orientals regard life in the harem. Man has assumed the right to be polygamous, and Toulon Society admits it. It was the man I have just mentioned who took me round the opium dens.

Lydia

"Let us go to Lydia's," he said. I inquired whether it was the same Lydia whom I had met at the theatre. It was. She was a singularly beautiful girl, with a perfectly waxen complexion—a complexion like living wax with a light behind it. It is ten years since I saw her, and I believe she is dead now, but I can see her as clearly as though she were sitting and watching me write. Her hair was living copper. Her eyes were dead jaspis. Her hands were beautifully shaped little hands. They looked like leaves from a dead rose. Her lips were red—a fleshy, pulpy red. The woman was inexpressibly beautiful, but inexpressibly repulsive. I found out why she was repulsive that morning at three o'clock when we went to her flat.

A Scene of Horror

A good-sized room, which at first seemed to have nothing in it but a smell. A dreadful, sickly, enervating smell, which made one long to go, and took away the energy to turn and leave. Then out of the misty twi-darkness grew an impression of matting, of cushions of tiny glow lamps, and of people. We crouched near the door, and we saw as we got used to the absence of light that the room was full. All round it were women and men smoking opium. I need not describe the process of smoking. It is not at all complicated. Every now and again the black, pasty stuff crackled in the flames as a little ball of it was prepared, and then more of the filthy, black smoke filled the air. There was no conversation. The men there were men of good class. There were several officers of the French Navy—in uniform, two of them—and all were half undressed, for opium plays curious tricks if a collar be tight. There were women there—beautiful women, some of them—but there was no conversation. Nobody cared for anything but opium. Lydia made a fortune out of her opium den, and killed herself with opium. Other women and other men have done the same in Toulon. But their responsibility is very great. Opium is undermining the French Navy with such terrible rapidity that unless the French authorities succeed in suppressing its sale and its use entirely, they will find that their Mediterranean fleet will prove entirely useless one day.

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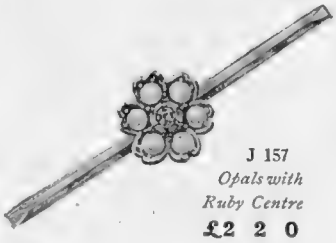

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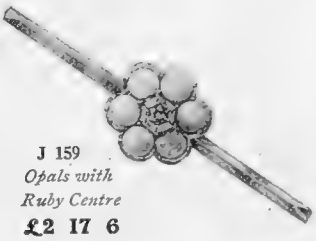

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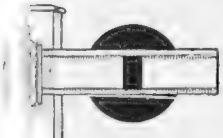

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MR. P. C. LENG
(Oxford)
Who beat Mr. J. D. Reed
(Stoke Poges)

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

By ERNEST LEHMANN

THE HON. DENYS SCOTT
(Stoke Poges)
Who beat Mr. S. Henderson (Oxford)

THE business meetings of a great golf club are not always of sufficient interest to the general golfing public to warrant their being made the subject of an article. But there are exceptions, such as the Royal and Ancient meetings and those of one or two other clubs, when matters are dealt with which, though they primarily concern the club and its members, yet, owing to the position and prestige of the links, also affect the golfer in general. This is more particularly the case when the course of the club is on the rota of the Championships. For this reason I venture to deal with the recent meeting of the St. George's Golf Club in connection with two points directly affecting the course. The first point concerns the position of the tenth hole. That hole, as all who were present at this year's Open Championship are well aware, was placed on the top of the hill just short of the big bunker which in former days one used to have to carry in order to reach the green in one's second shot. The old position of the hole caused great delay and congestion at this point, as players had to wait before playing their second shots until the party in front had cleared right off the green. Further delay was occasioned by the fact that the line of the tee shot from the eleventh tee crossed the old tenth green.

Photographs OXFORD UNIVERSITY v. STOKE POGES *Dixon*

The Hon. Evan Charteris (Stoke Poges) and Mr. G. D. Forrester (Oxford) on their way to the third hole. Mr. Charteris won, and on the whole day's play the 'Varsity were beaten by 8 matches to 2

The New Tenth Hole

By taking the tenth tee a good way back and making a small and excellent green on the top of the hill all these delays and dangers were obviated. The new hole came admirably out of the ordeal of the Championship, and now that the general meeting has passed a vote of approval on it it will be possible to make one or two slight improvements in it which will render it even better than it is now. The contours of the ground short of the green would be all the better for some more levelling, as the green is small and the approach to it bristling with dangers on either side and beyond. A slight raising of the bank behind the green would, in my humble opinion, also be an improvement, as encouraging players to be up with their approaches. At present a shot that is ever so little too strong trickles over into ghastly trouble.

A Green-Keeping Experiment

The second point I wish to mention is the decision of the club to appoint a green-keeper as distinct from the professional. There are a good many pros and cons in this connection. If a Peter Lees can be secured, well and good. Such a genius is rare, and when found can soon be trusted by a green committee with a free hand to a large extent. On the other hand, there have been many failures. There is, no doubt, considerable advantage in having one man whose sole duty it is to see that the ground men do their work properly. Sometimes, however, friction ensues between the green-keeper and the green committee, and the last state of the green is worse than the first. Provided that a good, sound man is got, who is intelligent, understands his work, and is willing to carry out the orders of the green committee with cheerful obedience, all will be well. Until a green-keeper proves himself a Peter Lees he cannot be allowed a free hand, more especially in the case of the Sandwich course, with its peculiar climatic conditions, which have to be patiently mastered. I trust the new Sandwich experiment will prove an unqualified success.

ERNEST LEHMANN

A wonderful new Scent, originally created to suit the taste of these four of London's Leading Actresses, can now be obtained by the public at 4/6 a bottle.

A perfume with a romance.

Some time ago, the ladies whose portraits are printed on this page commissioned Messrs. Atkinson, of 24, Old Bond Street, to create an entirely new perfume. The house, after many experiments, evolved a series of five perfumes, which were submitted for selection.

Each was the outcome of years of experience, but one had a fragrance more delicate than the others, a refinement more rare, a charm more fascinating—this was "Poinsetta."

Those who created this new perfume had said it was their masterpiece, and the actresses *unanimously pronounced it their favourite.*

"Poinsetta" Perfume possesses the fresh fragrance of the living flower; it has the intensity of a bouquet; and yet is so delicate, so subtle, so pervading, that its charm is everywhere evident, though its presence is nowhere obtrusive.

It creeps into the senses; soothes, delights, refreshes; its charm lingers in the memory long after the perfume itself has stolen away.

"Of the five sample bottles I prefer No. 3 ('Poinsetta'). Its soft, dreamy character lends it a very distinctive charm."
(Sgd.) **PHYLLIS DARE.**

"I believe you would find it much more popular if you increased the price. People who do not know 'Poinsetta' might be a little incredulous that a fine perfume could be bought for 4/6—in fact, most of my friends pay 10/6."
(Sgd.) **CONNIE EDISS.**

"I used to think that the best perfume came from abroad, but the sample labelled No. 3 ('Poinsetta') is, I think the most delicate and delightful scent I have ever found."
Sgd.) **GABRIELLE RAY.**

"I am surprised that a perfume of such rare charm and delicacy can be obtained for so low a price as 4/6. 'Poinsetta' is unobtrusive but sweetly all-pervading."
(Sgd.) **OLIVE MAY.**

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BYSTANDER, Nov. 8, 1911.

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

A Colossal Joke

Sometimes—once, perhaps, in ten years—a colossal joke is invented, a joke that is like no other joke that ever was. Sometimes it succeeds; more often it does not—in this country we fight shy of jokes because they so often lead to the police court. A great joke happened in 1896. There appeared in that year an anonymous production, entitled *The Works of Max Beerbohm*—presumably a library of ten or fifteen volumes, large octavo, published "in sets only." In reality, *The Works* was a slim, elegant duodecimo, with very few pages, which contained five or six essays on dandies and other delicate things of the kind. Obviously these essays had been written in George the Fourth's reign, and equally obvious their author's existence in 1896 was fictitious. Nevertheless, he persisted, under the name of Max Beerbohm, shortened by the exigencies of modern life to Max, in parading the town, caricaturing its more remarkable inhabitants, occupying a stall on first nights, and in various other ways demanding belief in his material existence. And in time he actually succeeded in carrying his point. I myself fell into the trap, and lunched at the same table with him. There is, too, in my library one of his books which bears on the first page sundry remarks in his autograph. Presumably, therefore, there is such a person amongst us. And now, as though to remove all doubts whatsoever on the question, another book, bound delicately in brown, appears, bearing the simple, yet suggestive, title, *Zuleika Dobson* (Heinemann: 6*s*.). No one but Max Beerbohm, of course, could have written it. And Mr. Heinemann has entered into the joke of the thing by advertising it with his novels! "Zuleika Dobson: or, An Oxford Love Story. By Max Beerbohm." Nothing could be more guileless. Having tired of doing most things, and having successfully invented the Oxford manner, he was writing, we heard, "a novel about Oxford." The thing sounded incredible, but there it was. Well, of course, that was part of the joke. *Zuleika Dobson* is one of those complicated inventions which defy definition. It is a delicious fairy-tale about a duke and a lady conjuror, somewhat too long, perhaps, but embroidered by sundry dissertations upon such matters as the Use and Abuse of Rhodes Scholars and the State of the Modern Novel, with just a hint now and again of the Georgian dandies and of Max's own position in the Cosmos.

—And a Colossal Tragedy

Now, the Duke, Dorset by name—this is only to be expected, for he is "orgulous and splendent" as was a namesake of his—is an undergraduate who had once spoken by chance in the House of Lords and been rewarded, quaintly enough, with a K.G. (No duke is complete, even if he is an undergraduate; without his Garter.) This one has many palaces and many traditions. Two owls invariably make their appearance at one of his palaces immediately before a Duke of Dorset is to die. There comes to Oxford the surpassingly beautiful and world-famous Zuleika Dobson, a granddaughter of the Warden of Judas, and as her profession is that of a conjuror, it is eminently natural that

(Continued on page 306)

MRS. GEORGE CLAYTON EAST, THE AUTHOR OF "THE BREATH OF THE DESERT"

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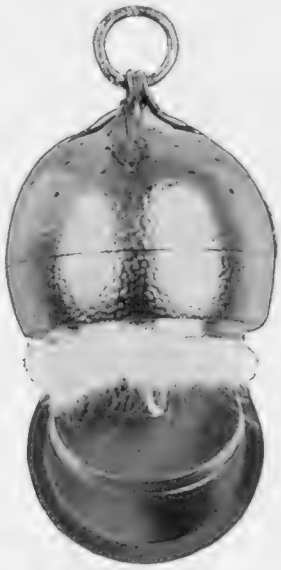
(Extracted by kind permission from Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's Book, "Henry VIII. and His Court.")



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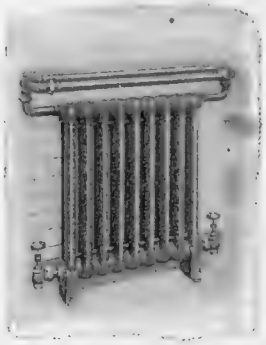

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Photograph *H. W. Nicholls*

Well known to all visitors to Southwold is Sam May, the gallant captain of the Southwold lifeboat, the hero of many a gallant deed, and to whose credit stands the origin of the endless line-launching system of the lifeboat

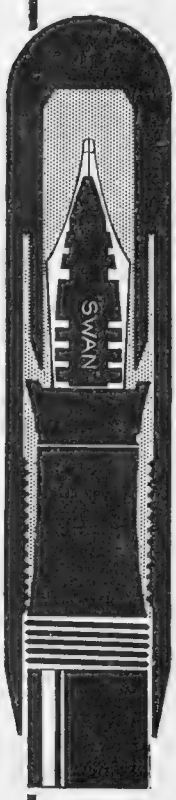
(Continued from page 302)

she should bewitch the University. And she does, immediately and irrevocably, bewitch every undergraduate, including the Duke, in the town. She falls in love with the Duke, but only until he falls in love with her. Then she spurns him—a new and unpleasant experience for one who has several pages of titles. He decides (quite early in the book) to kill himself. He makes public his decision at a meeting of the most exclusive of all University clubs, the Junta—of which he was for some time the only member—but in a little while is realising that life has its charms. And then, in the middle of things, Max suddenly intrudes. He is fearful that we shall not believe his story. So he tells us how he was summoned before Zeus, and given the privileges of an historian, and hovered over Oxford as no more than a vapour. So he learnt all the necessary facts, and from this chapter onwards is careful to include himself in the list of his characters. In this way he finds out that at the very moment when the Duke is deciding to live, a telegram is put into his hands containing the information that the two fateful owls have been seen. He is too great a gentleman to demur. He kills himself—if not for Zuleika's sake, for the sake of his word. The summer races happen to be on. The Duke appears in his Garter robes, and at the very moment of a "bump" takes a header into the river. The entire University follows his noble example, with the result that Zuleika, rather disgusted by a river choked with bodies, finds herself alone in a decimated Oxford. And there is nothing for her to do but to go on to Cambridge. (But we should certainly never admit her there!) The book is a plaything for serious people, and a small dictionary for those beginners who desire to learn the English language. It is too long, as I have said, and sometimes just in the least irksome—the Duke takes a very long time to die—but as a joke at everybody's expense, it should not be missed. Where, however, are Max's illustrations?

A Volume of Essays

Mr. Holbrook Jackson's name just at present is looming large in literary London. His *Platitudes in the Making* deserved an even wider reception than they obtained. His latest volume, *Romance and Reality* (Grant Richards: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), should find many readers. There is a quietly humorous quality in everything that Mr. Jackson writes, whether he be speaking of the open country or the seasons, or of children and playthings, or of literary celebrities. And he has an original point of view from which to view things, a point of view that demands attention. In his work there is never the least suspicion of that decadence or unhealthiness so prevalent in the writings of certain modern essayists. He is one of the men who are looking steadily towards the future. His book contains many passages which may be enjoyed again and again; there is a smoothness and a delicacy in his prose which never makes for affectation. One day he will write a great novel. In the meantime, I can heartily recommend *Romance and Reality*.

RALPH STRAUS



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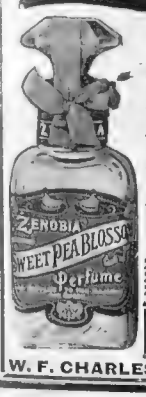

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Sold by Leading Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores.

ZENOBIA TOILET SOAP .. 1/-, 1/6 and 1/3 per box.
ZENOBIA SACHETS .. .. 6d. and 1/- each.
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A BIJOU SAMPLE BOX, containing Perfume, Soap, and Sachet sent post free for 3d. stamps, mentioning *The Bystander*.

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SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE - TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD - LONDON - W.

510. Dainty Cashmere Tea Gown, bodice and sleeves trimmed lace and insertion, and veiled with ninon to match gown. In all colours.
Price **79/6**

981. Wool Crepeline Tea Gown, draped over the shoulders, wide ecru guipure lace to form a fichu, plain vest and undersleeves. All shades.
Price **3 guineas.**

906. French Flannel Dressing Gown. In all colours, with wide ecru Oriental printed revers, edged hemstitched silk to match gown.
Price **29/6**

A Show of Charming Tea and Dressing Gowns

431. Double-breasted Lambswool Dressing Gown, trimmed Russia braid and buttons. In all colourings.
Price **32/6**

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF FASHIONS POST FREE.

RACING: The Liverpool Cup.

By "CARBINE"

Good Sport at Newbury

There were not many signs of the approaching end of the flat-racing season at Newbury on Saturday, for the crowd was a large one, especially in the club stand, and the racing went with a swing that was thoroughly enjoyable. We had some very keen finishes, as well as something to rouse us to enthusiasm in the chief race of the afternoon, for it was good to see Royal Realm under top-weight cut down his field like the fine horse he is. This son of Persimmon has never been in better form than during the last few months, and he must now be worth a lot of money for the stud. Yet he is so sound and so obviously fond of racing that Colonel Hall Walker may decide to keep him in training for yet another season.

Wootton and India

India will be an attractive centre during the next few months, and there is sure to be exceptionally keen rivalry to win the Viceroy Cup in the year of their Majesties' visit to the great Empire overseas. Many of the notable people who are now proceeding to the Durbar will, if possible, undertake the journey down to Calcutta for the big race-meeting. Frank Wootton will be riding there. This will be his first visit to India, and probably his last in the capacity of jockey, for the lad is putting on weight to such an extent that his activities must necessarily be restricted in future. Wootton has had his most successful season this year, and it is a great pity that his brilliant career as a horseman looks like being prematurely closed owing to the difficulty of keeping his weight down.

Liverpool Selections

There are three more big handicaps before the last of flat-racing, and first comes the Liverpool Cup on Friday. This is Lord Derby's favourite race, and King William or Hair Trigger II. can run for him. Both are high-class three-year-olds, and according to their trial at Newmarket the other day King William is the better of the pair at the weights. Personally, however, I prefer the chances of Mustapha and Trepida, both of whom are known to be in good form just now. I suspect that we did not see the best of Trepida in the Cambridgeshire, but Mustapha should beat her again at the weights. I shall not be surprised to see Helot make a good show. I look, however, to **Mustapha** to reward his long-suffering supporters this time, and Trepida and Lord Derby's candidate should prove the next best. On Wednesday the Lancashire Handicap may be won by **Papavero,** and the Knowsley Dinner Stakes may fall to **Homestead** or **Fruition.** On the following day the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, **Glenside,** not having Rathnally to tackle, should win. For the Witherslack Plate **Struy** is my selection, and on Saturday I fancy **St. Melruan** for the Grosvenor Cup.

Ready-to-Wear
FROCKS

Those ladies who wish to be spared the fatigue of several fittings cannot fail to appreciate the facilities offered by our Ready-Made Costume Department. All the gowns in this section have a character of their own. They are specially designed by exceptionally clever couturiers, and are quite different from the ordinary ready-to-wear gown of former years. The stock is so large and well assorted that practically every lady can rely upon being suited.

Evening Gown (*as sketch*), in white satin, the bodice veiled with ninon, the skirt trimmed with very fine lace and gaugings of chiffon, waist outlined with satin band, cluster of hand-made berries in soft colours at waist.

Price 7½ Gns.

Catalogue Post Free.

Debenham & Freebody.
Wigmore Street.
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Famous for over a Century for Taste for Quality for Value

PLAYER'S
Navy Mixture

Out of the sweetest and ripest leaves of the tobacco plant "pipe perfect" Player's Navy Mixture is made.

Player's Navy Mixture is everything that a tobacco can be.

It is cool and even burning, with a bouquet as distinct and delicate as that of some rare vintage wine.

Then fill your pipe with this best of Mixtures and know all the joy that a perfect tobacco can bring.

IN THREE STRENGTHS:

Mild 5D. per oz. Medium 5D. per oz.
White Label 4½D. per oz.

"Pipe Perfect"

P 110

YOUR RHEUMATISM

can be relieved as in the case of hundreds of other sufferers, without drugs or medicines if you will take

ANTURIC BATHS

a simple, harmless, and commonsense treatment following and assisting Nature's own methods. The cause of rheumatism is uric acid deposited in the system, which a short course of baths dissolves and expels through the pores of the skin, leaving the body free from pain and discomfort.

INTERESTING BOOKLET

Explaining the source and stages of the complaint and the method of treatment

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CHERRY BRANDY

Have you tried it with the Cheese Course?

ALL BRITISH MANUFACTURE

MOLASSINE

Dog & Puppy Cakes, Hound Terrier and Puppy Foods

QUITE DIFFERENT FROM ALL OTHERS

THE ONLY FOODS THAT DOGS NEED

Sold by all Corn Merchants, Grocers, Stores and
THE MOLASSINE CO. LTD.
GRLENWICH, S.E.
City Office: 75 Mark Lane, E.C.

THEY AID DIGESTION
KEEP DOGS HEALTHY AND THEIR COATS AND SKINS IN FINE CONDITION
ERADICATE WORMS AND ALL INTERNAL PARASITES
PREVENT DOGS FROM EMITTING UNPLEASANT ODOURS

Free from Drugs or Medicaments of any kind

MOLASSINE MEAL gives Horses Stamina

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Grafton Fur Co., Ltd.

High-class Furs
at Moderate Prices.

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FINE ERMINE AND SKUNK £38
THE SET

164, New Bond St.
LONDON, W.

"Synonymous Terms"

"The Car Magnificent"

Delaunay Belleville

and

Dignity

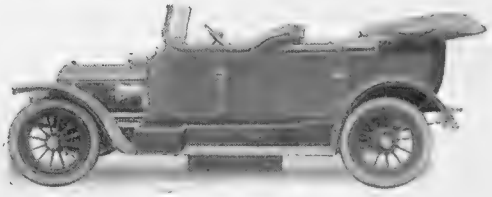
Stand No. 63 Olympia

Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.

BRASIER CARS

The Société des Automobiles Brasier, Ivry Port, France.

OLYMPIA—STAND 151



12 H.P. Torpedo Body

Chassis Price, including Tyres,

£300

Also 18 H.P. Chassis £486 with Tyres.

15 H.P. Chassis £363 with Tyres.

Inspect this Model at Olympia and ask for trial run to be arranged.

Complete stock of spare par's kept.

REPAIR SHOP ON PREMISES.

Lon'on Offi:e and Showrooms:

77 & 78, HIGH STREET, MARYLEBONE, W.

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HOTCHKISS

Each car produced under this famous name is an illustration of just how far it is possible for past-masters in the craft of car design to go in the fulfilment of motorists' desires.

Look carefully, inside and out, over every feature, every detail of the

18-22 h.p. 1912 Model

and you cannot fail to appreciate that here is a vehicle as mechanically perfect as a great and famous engineering house can make it, and designed, fitted, and finished to provide the fullest possible measure of luxurious comfort.

Also being shown:

A 20-30 h.p. Cabriolet.

A 12-16 h.p. two-seater Torpedo, with new type disappearing back seat

See the 15.9 h.p. 6-Cylinder DELAGE

At STAND No. 137.

London & Parisian Motor Co., Ltd., 87, Davies Street, London, W.

Sole Agents for South of England for Sankey All-Steel Detachable Wheels.

Olympia Stand 50

Sans Peur et Sans Reproche

Clement Bayard

Without fear and without reproach aptly describes the Clement Bayard car—without fear of competitors, and beyond reproach in regard to perfect design and construction.

Stand No. 4 exhibits two models of this eminent make—an 8 h.p. 4-cyl., and a 10 h.p. 4-cyl., and they are typical of the car which has proved such a success in France.

Stand No. 4 at Olympia

Bayard Cars are made by the eminent engineer, A. CLEMENT, of Levallois.

Sole Concessionnaires: CLEMENT TALBOT, Ltd.

BARLBY ROAD, LADBROKE GROVE, LONDON, W.

OLYMPIA

WITHIN THE SHOW

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

What the Show Shows

LAST week we could only deal in anticipations. I admit that most of the anticipations had no relation to prophecy, being based upon "information received" from the only source that can be regarded as responsible—I mean the exhibitors themselves. Certainly, in regard to one or two matters I attempted to cast horoscopes, but it required little of the seer to get well within the mark. It was as certain as the Show opening, for example, that the new Argyll single-sleeve engine would be the *pièce de résistance*, notwithstanding the adaptation of the Henriod rotary valve engine which the Darracq Company is introducing to the market on its new 20 h.-p chassis. I have had no opportunity of inspecting this last very closely, being but now through a general preliminary shuffle along the aisles of the Show. More, therefore, anon. But a second halt before the handiwork of Mr. Burt (whose power-plant it is that the Argyll Company has been experimenting with for the past two years, and is now submitting to the public in a complete vehicle) confirms every favourable first impression, and convinces me that Knight has an opponent of parts at last.

A Few Tendencies

But although valve changes certainly mark a well-defined tendency, the poppet-valved engines have small occasion to fear competition on the score of silence. Improvements in cam contacts and tappet adjustments have made the old form of valve mechanism almost uncannily silent. I mentioned the Rolls-Royce in this connection last week. I mention the new Straker-Squire this, as another example. I could multiply those examples many times without exhausting the list. The worm-drive continues to gain adherents on the evidence of the Show, as I imagined it would, although one Company has reverted to the bevel. The four-speed gear-box is, if anything, more common than the three. The detachable wire wheel gains in popularity, the Rudge-Whitworth being prime favourite, although the Riley is well in evidence, not to mention forms of steel wheels, of which the Sankey is, perhaps, best known. A newcomer in this department is the Warland wheel, but this is not detachable, being used in conjunction with the Warland dual-rim (made also to fit any wheel), one of the simplest and easiest to handle of my knowledge. The Michelin, Continental, and Dunlop detachable rims are, of course,

Photograph A GENERAL VIEW OF THIS WEEK'S OLYMPIA SHOW *Sport and General*

Are you *thinking* of buying a **SIX-CYLINDER CAR?**
because, if so, **DON'T.**

THE FOUR-CYLINDER

METALLURGIQUE

"SCIENCE OF METALS"

makes them all sad—originals and copies alike. The worst position we can get you into is—**you can have only two-thirds of the trouble with our "four" that you will have with other makers' "six."** This is sound arithmetic if not good grammar. We don't copy "sixes." There is no need to—we can make a better "four." Just try one—that's all.

Our Stand 42—at Olympia—is not the geographical centre—but the magnetic middle, sure. Investigate Metallurgique chassis with VAN DEN PLAS BODYWORK at the magnetic middle, where they won't bore you to buy.

METALLURGIQUE, Ltd.,
110, High St., Manchester Sq., London, W.
OLYMPIA STAND 'PHONE No. 4146 KENSINGTON.

RILEY

DETACHABLE WHEELS

Save Time, Temper, and Money

FOR Simplicity and Strength the Riley System has no compeer. Nor does any other locking device give the same security. No motorist who studies cost of upkeep, punctuality, and convenience can afford to ignore the advantages offered by these wheels. They were used on the 14 h.p. J. D. S. Deasy car which recently completed a test of 15,000 miles at Brooklands, and finished in good condition. A test of this description is worth volumes of argument.

Olympia, Stand 308.

THREE YEARS' GUARANTEE. "Off and on in a minute." Fit all Cars.

Write for Descriptive Folder.
RILEY CYCLE CO., LTD.,
CITY WORKS, COVENTRY.

THE
"Warland" Dual Rim
gives

QUICK & EASY TYRE DETACHMENT,
LONGER LIFE FOR TYRES,
A FULLY INFLATED SPARE,
and is

GUARANTEED FOR FIVE YEARS.

A WHEEL THAT WILL NEVER FAIL.
THAT CANNOT COME OFF.
THAT WILL NOT BREAK.
THE STRONGEST AND BEST MOTOR WHEEL IN THE WORLD
is

The Tenax Steel Wheel

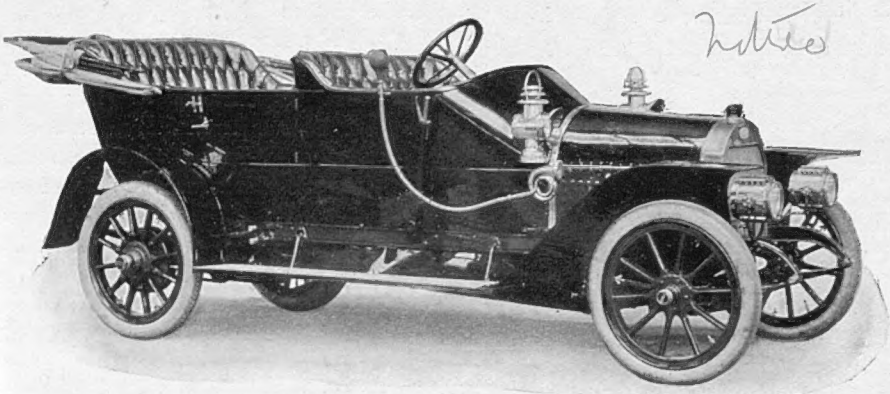
OLYMPIA—STAND 287, GALLERY.

Write for "Warten" Booklet (Dept. B.),
WARLAND DUAL RIM Co., Ltd.,
ALMA Street, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

Efficiency and Economy

too well-known and appreciated to require more than the mention. The dashboard radiator comes slower to favour, but it comes, the Darracq Company's 20 h.-p. vehicle with rotary valve engine, already referred to, being the latest recruit to the method.

And with that I think we may proceed to a few specific stands, notices of which were crowded out of the forecast issue of last week.



The 10 h.-p. Stoewer, a Light and Fast Touring Car, to be seen on Stand 103

Stoewer Cars. Stand 103

Stoewer's storehouse at Stettin can cater for motorists of any class. Its car range is from a 10-16 h.-p. (10.4 R.A.C. rating), at £240 chassis, up to a 40-60 h.-p. six-cylinder at £900. It can supply three types of goods' lorry with chain-drive, and three types of omnibus, seating from fourteen to thirty-four persons. So that for private, commercial, and public service work it is splendidly provided. We are, of course, more intimately concerned here with the private vehicles, and of these, possibly the smaller powers are of greatest attraction. It says something for the engine strength of even the 10-16 h.-p. that it may be had with any type of body up to a limousine, although its chassis weight is but 14 cwt. Stoewer cars, indeed, may be accounted fine, fast, and flexible, and to embrace among their mechanical features all that is sound, and solid, and of proven parts, without the handicap of undue weight.

Brasier Cars. Stand 151

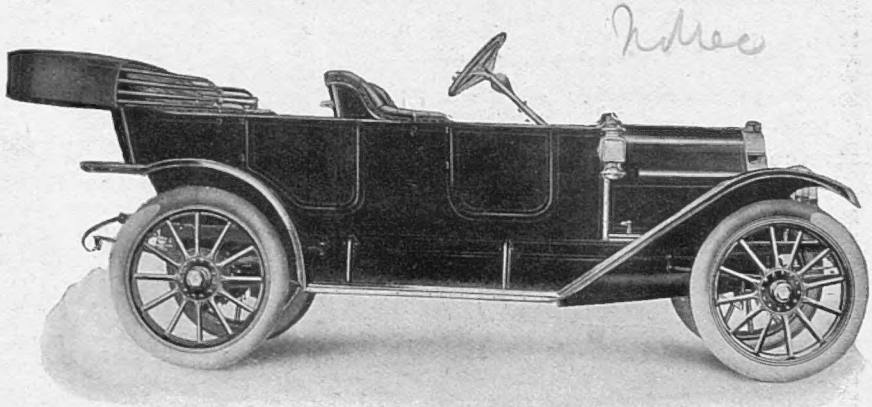
By land and sea the Brasier has carved a considerable nitch for itself in the temple of motor sport. The car that on land could win the Gordon Bennett twice consecutively and (this last year) several French races; the engine that on the water propelled *The Chantecler*, the *Brasier-Despujol*, and the *Cocorico*, calls clamorously upon our attention when the car comes forward once again to submit itself to the judgment of our market. I welcome it. It is a great car.

Only two models are exhibited—a 15 h.-p. chassis and an 18 h.-p. with a fine torpedo body; but there are others available from a 10-12 h.-p. two-cylinder to a 35-50 h.-p. four-cylinder or a 24-40 h.-p. "six." A special feature of the new season's models is the combined force and splash lubrication by multiple pumps. If the force-feed fails, there still remains the splash. A good idea.

An exclusive type of torque rod, Brasier's own automatic carburettor, and the choice between a metallic disc-clutch or a new and patented type of clutch in which the fly-wheel acts as a spring. Brasier's will make an excellent showing during the oncoming season.

Overland Cars. Stand 59

The first stand to meet the eye on entering Olympia and a stand that will justify first consideration. The Overland models which the Anglo-American Motor-Car Company, of 19 to 21, Heddon Street, Regent Street, will offer the British market for 1912 are in four powers—a 15-20 h.-p., at £223; a 20-25 h.-p., at £250; a 25-30 h.-p., at £325; and a 30-35 h.-p., at £395. The prices are for the cars and accessories complete. The Overland is European in appearance and in mechanical features—four-cylinder (4 by 4½), three-speed gear and gate-change. Its central drive is, however, unique, and has much to commend it to the potential buyer's favourable attention. The Overland is a cheap car, but a good car, sturdily built in high-grade material, and built to last. I imagine it will be in wide demand this year.

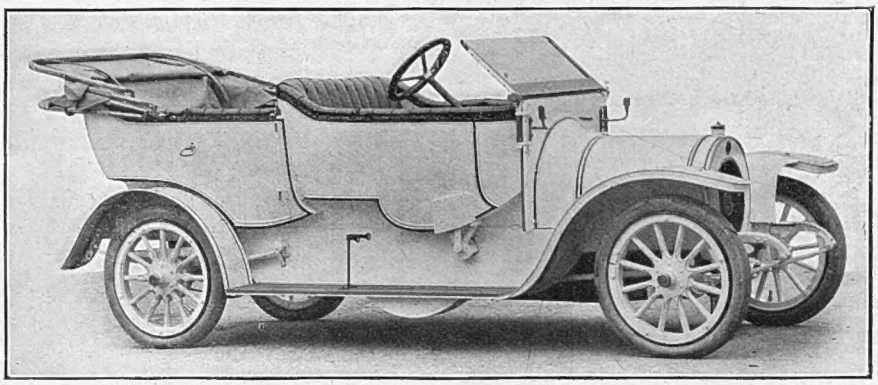


A 20-25 h.-p. Overland Car, with Neat Flush-Sided Body. This Car is priced at £255

For Tour and Track

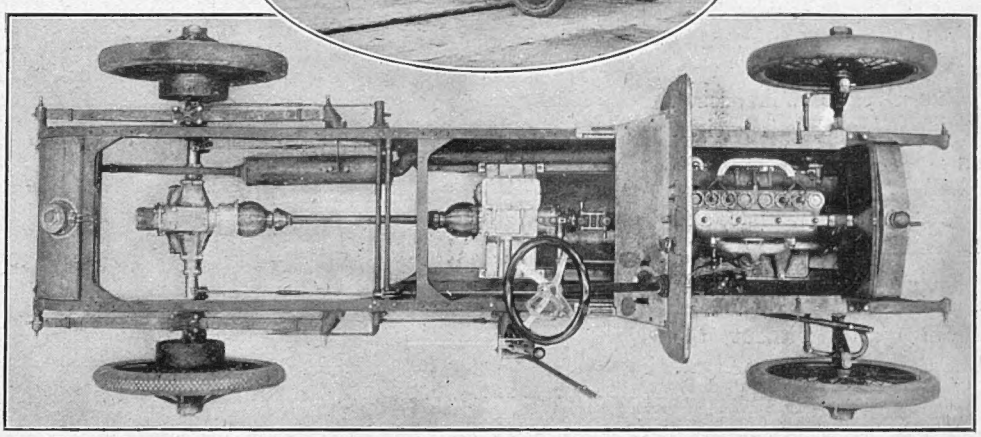
Sunbeam Cars. Stand 69

Listen to this. It is the firm's own, and it is true—every word of it. "The car has done wonders on road and track, and still greater successes are indicated during next season. From April to October Sunbeams of varying horse-power gained over two dozen prizes through pure speed, twenty-one cups, medals, and other awards were secured in hill-climbing competitions,



"Le Gui," on Exhibition at 28, Frith Street, Soho. A Cheap Car with all the Refinements and Strength of an Expensive Vehicle

and records were broken at distances so far separated as 880 yards and 900 miles, and in time divided by a span reaching from a fraction of a minute to twelve hours. This last performance—907 miles at an average speed of 75.58 miles per hour—was the most outstanding event in a great competitive year; it was made on a six-cylindered pattern of 25-30 h.-p. designed for use in 1912, and no new car ever made a more distinguished *début*." Nought shall be added to that; nought taken away. The progress of the Sunbeam has been nothing short of wonderful, and the firm's vehicular programme for the new season is, therefore, a matter of first concern. *Imprimis*, a 12-16 h.-p. (80 by 150). Secondly, the 16-20 h.-p. (90 by 160), in detail the same. Finally, the famous long-distance "six" (90 by 160) again; cylinders in triplets, magneto and cam-shaft driven by silent chain. To all, Bosch ignition and the Claudel-Hobson carburettor. Once again, a wonderfully fine vehicle indeed, the Sunbeam.



Stand 75. The Chassis of the New Straker-Squire and (inset) the Car in Racing Trim which has just broken Records for the Mile and Kilometre, achieving 95.54 m.p.h. in the first and 93.67 m.p.h. in the second

Messrs. Joseph Sankey and Sons, Ltd. Stand 290 (Gallery)

Are exhibiting: Detachable steel wheels with Sankey patent hub, fixed type steel wheels, pressed steel step brackets, patent fans stamped in one piece, various types of domed and other mudguards, and a torpedo body. One of the best in the detachable wheel line. Quality? Why, who does not know the name of Sankey? What more is required in guarantee?

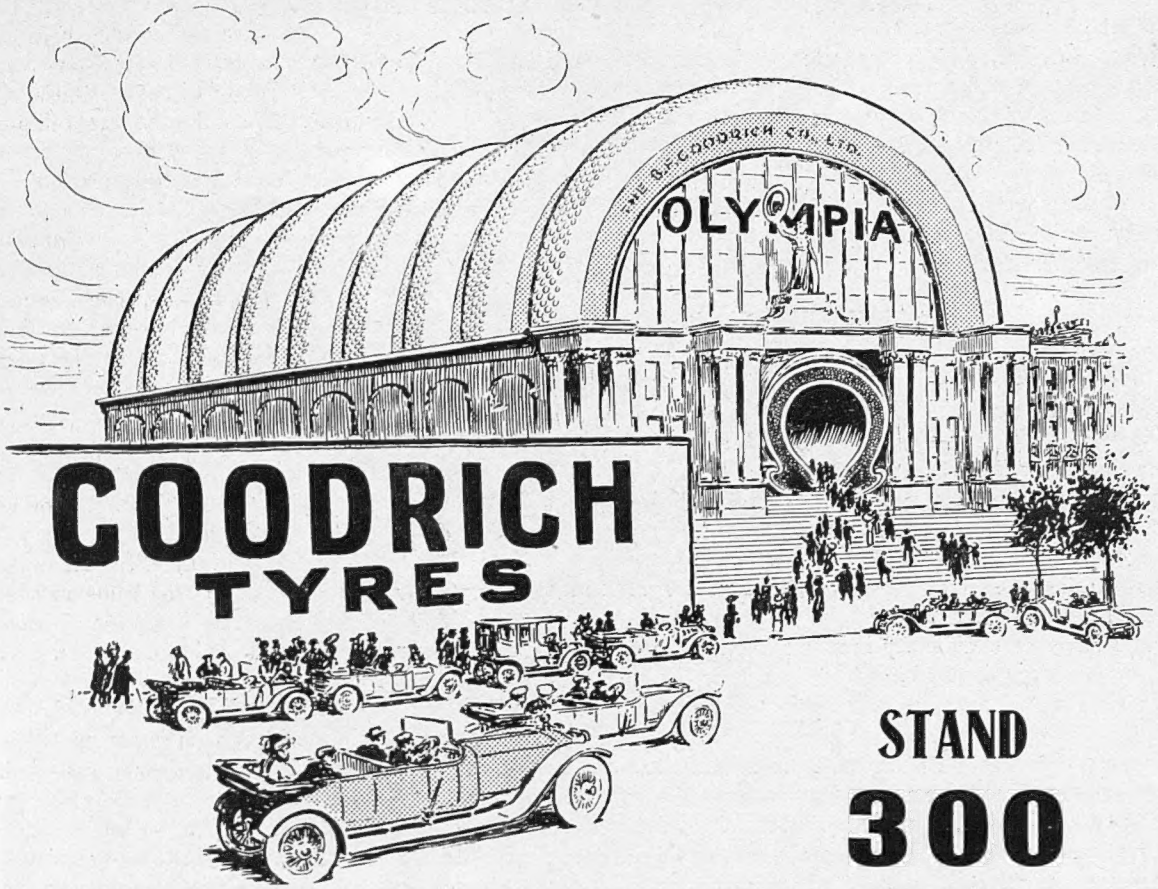
Goodrich Tyres. Stand 300 (Gallery)

Now, as ever, the emphasis in the pronunciation of Goodrich, the tyre, is on the first syllable. Goodrich came to us with the first all-rubber non-skid, and five years have merely served to confirm our best first estimates of it. For town work particularly, this cover, with its rubber studs moulded into the tread so that it is impossible for them to pull out, cannot be bettered.

The metal-studded non-skid, with the studs riveted to a band of best chrome leather, and with a rubber buffer to guard the casing from the stud roots and to add resiliency to the tyre, again struck a new note. These two and the plain round-tread tyre make us a trio of first-grade, highest quality covers, giving a full 100 per cent. of efficiency. Many samples on stand 300, and not one but commands the admiration of the tyre expert.

Lorraine-Dietrich. Stand 53

Fresh from the achievement of an R.A.C.-observed 7,000-mile reliability trial, in which it demonstrated the possession of remarkable powers of regular running (being fixed to a time-table averaging 150 miles a day, and keeping to the clock with a greater precision than many of our suburban train services), the Lorraine-Dietrich comes upon the show stand to claim a full measure of the potential buyer's attention and support. Several years ago I described the car as one of the best products of the French school, and I can



GOODRICH TYRES

STAND 300 OLYMPIA.

COMPOSED OF THE BEST MATERIAL

Motorists agree that of all the worries of Motoring, Tyre troubles are the worst. The choosing of the tyres must well repay the discriminating motorist. Goodrich Tyres are the most reliable tyres on the market, and, owing to the superb quality of the rubber and the perfectly amalgamated fabric, are the most resilient. This is proved by

"THE GOODRICH AVERAGE"

"a set of figures representing the present limit of tyre science and tyre service."

FOUND IN EVERY SET OF

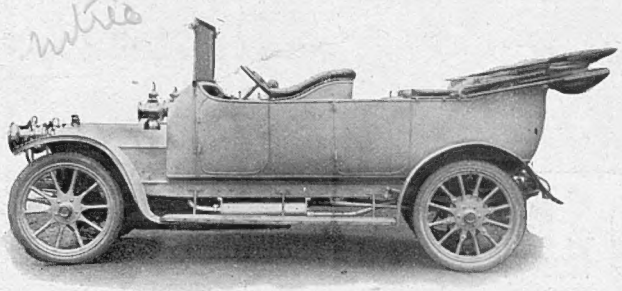
GOODRICH TYRES

Manufactured by THE B.F. GOODRICH Co., Ltd., 117-123, Golden Lane, E.C.

Reliability and Refinement

say no less to-day. It has kept pace with the most progressive design, and incorporates in its smallest model (12-16 h.-p., 75 by 120) all the features we expect in a car of this name and reputation.

The 18-20 h.-p. remains as before; that is to say, it remains one of the very best vehicles of medium power we possess. These two and the larger 28 h.-p. (with chain or cardan-drive at option) make an excellent programme for the consideration of the cultured market.



Stand 77. The Martini carrying a Torpedo Body

Martini Cars. Stand 77

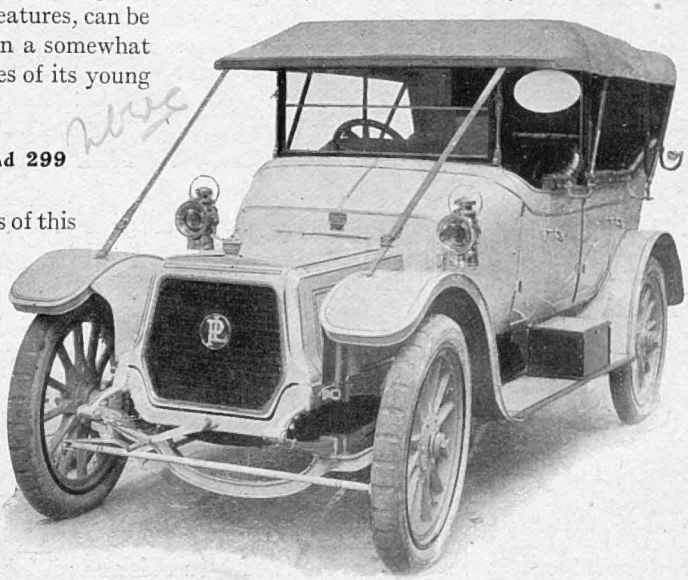
We have three examples of the "fifteen" here—one in two-seater form, at £375, to which special attention may with advantage be given, and one 16-24 h.-p.—all, of course, in the four-cylinder class. I have some difficulty in repressing a desire to overlaud the Martini, which, indeed, in my experience of it, is an excellently proportioned, delightfully finished product of a world-famous works. Lively and economical, flexible and efficient, it is a credit to it concessionnaires and a large gratification to its owner. I speak here of the "fifteen" (80 by 120), having no running acquaintance with the larger model, but that, judged on its mechanical features, can be relied upon to reproduce in a somewhat larger measure the qualities of its young brother.

Continental Tyres. Stand 299 (Gallery)

Chief among the exhibits of this famous house is the 1912 model of the well-known Continental detachable rim. The notable simplicity of this invaluable accessory is its outstanding characteristic. It comes away on the removal of five nuts—nothing more than that—yet its strength and security are unquestionable. Being made in one piece, the use of a binding flange is entirely obviated. All the well-known tyres associated with the name of the Continental Company are staged: square-tread, three-ribbed steel-armoured non-skid, and leather-steel non-skid—in addition to a full range of repair material, including a compound equally effective for either the hot or cold vulcanising process. A variety of solid tyres for commercial work completes a stand that can always be relied upon to attract by virtue of its display, but principally by the popularity of its products.

F.I.A.T. Cars. Stand 38

The fiat of the F.I.A.T. is, five models for 1912, as in 1911, and the same five at that. By the courtesy of the F.I.A.T. Company I came back from Turin over Mont Cenis to Paris in one of these models, the 20-30 h.-p. (95 by 140). We did over 300 miles in one day (including the Alps), and a respect for that car got itself born within me which I imagine will never be eradicated. For the motorist who wants power, perfect cooling, untiring and effortless running under the most strenuous conditions, I commend the F.I.A.T. 20-30 h.-p. four-cylinder. There is a "six" at the same power, a larger "four" of 35-50 h.-p.; and two smaller—a 12-14 h.-p. (70 by 120), £325; and a 15 h.-p. (80 by 130), £365. The same sturdy stuff in all. The same poise and precision, and impression of a potential power. Fiats will undoubtedly do.



Stand 46. A Car Classic. The 15-25 h.-p. Panhard

S. F. Edge, Ltd. (Napier Cars). Stand 39

The Napier programme for 1912 is as comprehensive as the car is efficient. There are four types of the highly successful 15 h.-p. vehicle, two of which are specially designed for Colonial use. These are all, of course, four-cylinder cars. The six-cylinder principle finds splendid expression in a 30 h.-p., a 45 h.-p., a 65 h.-p., and a 90 h.-p., and emphasises the fact that despite the power-tax there is still a considerable demand for the opulence that can only come from large engines. "Napier cars will be sold," I quote the words of S. F. Edge, Ltd., "not because people will say 'How cheap!' but because people will say 'How perfect!'" That is an excellent ideal, which, in bare justice, we have to admit has been kept constantly in the view of the Napier people. Napier cars are in the front rank of the British industry now as ever.

C. Frodsham and Co. Stand 263

What the name of Frodsham has stood for in watch, and clock, and general chronological work for so long it has come to stand for in speedometers. The firm is master in instruments of delicate precision. Therefore its many types of speed-indicator for all classes of work, from the commercial vehicle to the racing car, and from prices as low as three guineas; its dash clocks, petrol flow indicators and recorders, make an exhibit that should not be missed.